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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE.

We devote considerable space this week to illustrations of the Army of the Tennessee, whose splendid exploits are the theme of every conversation. On pages 376 and 377 we give an equestrian portrait of its gallant Commander, Major-General Ulysses S. Grant, showing him where always he shines most—under fire; in our last number we gave a brief sketch of his life and career.

On this page we give a portrait, from a photograph by Anthony, of Major-General John A. Logan, one of the most gallant of Grant's division commanders. General Logan first attracted public attention as a member of Congress from Illinois. A lawyer by trade, he was a strong Democrat in politics; in Congress he generally acted with Senator Douglas and his friends. When the secession of the South became imminent, he was one of the most decided of the Western members in opposing the movement and in warning the Southern members, with whom he had previously acted, that their folly would unite men of all parties at the North against them. His memorable threat—that "the men of the Northwest would cleave their way down the Mississippi Valley to the Gulf of Mexico with their swords"—we illustrated last week. At the actual outbreak of war, Mr. Logan resigned his seat in Congress, and though representing a district in which Copperheadism was rampant, raised a regiment, and entered the service as its Colonel. Like M'Clernand and Wallace, he soon proved himself as able in the field as he had been in the courts and political assemblages. He served with credit under Grant at Fort Donelson, and again at Shiloh, and was speedily promoted to a Brigadier-Generalship. On the reorganization of the Army of the Tennessee last fall, General Logan took command of a division, and was appointed and confirmed a Major-General. In the recent campaign against Vicksburg he distinguished himself conspicuously.

The pictures on this page, and on page 372, are from sketches by Mr. Theodore R. Davis, our special artist who accompanied General Grant. He writes:

CROSSING BAYOU PIERRE.

"Head-quarters Seventeenth Army Corps, near Black River, Miss., *May* 4, 1863.

"On the night of the first ult. the routed and disheartened rebels, under General Bowen, crossed and burned the bridge over the Bayou Pierre at Port Gibson.

"At early dawn on the second our men were on the march in eager pursuit of the flying foe. A raft bridge was speedily constructed by the negro engineer corps, under the command of the engineer officer of General Logan's division, Captain Trisilian.

"Passing, I may say of Captain T. that he is considered one of the very best officers that we have. He has organized a corps of willing workers—negroes, who have fled from the swamps and fastnesses in which they were 'corraled' in droves like cattle. The brave soldiers of the gallant Logan's division, more than impatient at the necessary delay, were speedily crossing the just completed bridge. The yet burning structure and the often-clouded night moon lent 'aid and comfort' to M'Pherson's corps, and they pressed on in hot haste to reach, if possible, the fleet-footed chivalry."

SHELLING THE REBEL REAR.

"Head-quarters Major-General M'Pherson, near Black River, Miss., *May* 4, 1863.

"During the day the rebel force under General Bowen were closely followed in their hasty flight by a portion of General M'Pherson's command, the divisions of Generals Logan and Crocker. The rich hues of sunset were tinging the western skies as our advance reached the river. The rebel rear was exposed, and a piece of Captain De Golyer's battery being brought into position at top speed of its horses, its shot soon reached the tender part. The haste of the flying rebels may be imagined by the fact that General Bowen left his 'presented pistol' upon the hastily constructed bridge."

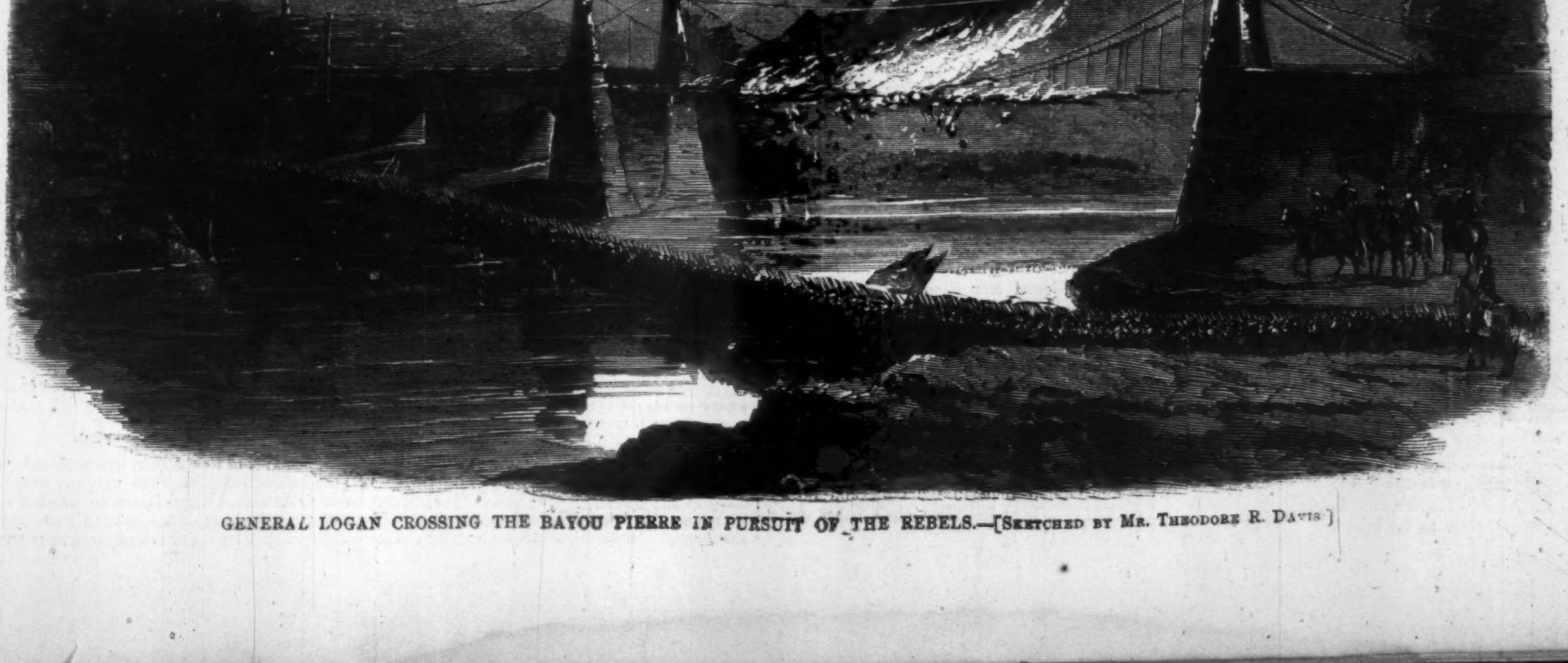
THE BATTLE OF RAYMOND.

"Head-quarters Major-General M'Pherson, *May* 13, 1863.

"At 10 o'clock on the 12th the 'Body Guard,' under Captain Foster, discovered the enemy in small force upon the road three miles from Raymond. A portion of General Dennis's brigade—the Twentieth Ohio and Thirtieth Illinois Regiments—were deployed to the right and left of the road. Being advanced, the enemy were discovered in line of battle, occupying a commanding position, a mile and a half from Raymond.

"A section of De Golyer's battery was placed in position in the road, and at a distance of one thousand yards opened the fight, when the whole battery was placed in position, with the brigade of General Dennis for its support, it being in turn supported by the brigades of Generals Smith and Stevenson, who soon after formed in line of battle upon the right. These troops, constituting Gener-

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN A. LOGAN.—[Photographed by Anthony.]



GENERAL LOGAN CROSSING THE BAYOU PIERRE IN PURSUIT OF THE REBELS.—[Sketched by Mr. Theodore R. Davis.]

al Logan's division, were soon charged by the enemy. The charge was upon the right flank, but the previous disposition of troops frustrated it, and a sharp engagement of an hour ensued. The enemy were repulsed.

"General Crocker's division coming up, was disposed to the right, left, and reserve by General M'Pherson, and the line immediately advanced. The rebels, being driven from their position, retreated through the town toward Jackson, and our troops occupied Raymond. Our loss was 52 killed and 198 wounded. Among the killed was Colonel Richards. Colonel M'Cook was wounded."

THE CAVALRYMAN'S STORY.

"TELL again," the grandsire faltered,
Sitting by the farm-house door,
"Tell again the tale unaltered,
How you rode of yore;
It will quicken the slow beating
Of my pulse once more."

And the bronzed and bearded yeoman,
Of the wondrous, daring ride,
Through the country of the foeman
In the bright springtide,
Told with homely grace the story
By the old man's side.

"Good twelve thousand were we, gran'ther;
Every man of us was tough
As the wiry, brown-haired panther,
And our hands were rough
As the clothes you wore when granny
Spun and wove the stuff.

"We had wintered by the river
In the muddy, hutted camps,
Where we had to fight forever
With the twitching cramps
That came prowling round at night-time
Through the fogs and damps.

"But the sunny spring had brought us
Round as right as men could be;
Had you been there you had thought us
Each a gnarled oak-tree;
I could eat of leathery bacon
Then enough for three.

"Dashed we through the Rappahannock,
By brave Stoneman gayly led,
Each man eager for a square knock
On an F. F.'s head:
How our horses stirred the mud up
In the river's bed!

"Oh! the wild, exciting gallop
Round behind the traitors' lair;
Where a foe was left to wallop
Surely we were there,
Terror through the basements sending
Of his rising hair.

"Hissed the delicate-handed ladies,
Shrill between their rage and fear;
But the dark-eyed, half-bleached babies
Grinned from ear to ear,
And their sable, gladdened mothers
Never showed a sneer.

"And the brawny bondmen weary,
Stood up once erect and high,
As upon their midnight dreary
Broke a morning sky:
Guess it was the light of freedom
Flashed as we went by.

"The defenseless and the lowly
Tenderly we left unharmed;
God had made their weakness holy
And their safety charmed;
But we pounced, like sudden falcons,
On the traitors armed.

"How we thundered down the highways
To the frightened villages;
How we scouted all the by-ways
Underneath the trees;
How we stung the rebel minions
Like a swarm of bees!

"Over swamps and dusty ridges
Rushed we to the sacred streams,
And the ponderous wooden bridges,
Tracked for iron teams,
Quick as thought went bursting skyward,
With their clamps and beams.

"Flamed the well-filled army storehouse—
Bacon smoked as ne'er before;
Burst the doors of every warehouse,
Ruined was their store;
Many a rebel missed his rations
For a month and more.

"Rumor buzzed along before us,
Threatening death to every man,
And at times its shadow o'er us
Darkened like a ban;
But we rode so swift that Rumor
Hardly kept the van.

"Then at dark we camped so wary
Out upon the lonely heights,
With the solemn heavens starry,
Holding all our lights;
And the picket's tread was muffled
Through the silent nights.

"Ten long, reckless days of danger
Swept we through the foeman's land,
Every keen-eyed, daring ranger
Bearing in his hand
All of life's uncounted value
Lightly as his brand.

"Though the perils gathered thickly
Hour by hour on every hand—
Fiery signals leaping quickly
Onward through the land—
Through a hundred leagues of foemen
Scathless came our band.

"Oh! the memories of battle
Stir me, gran'ther, by your side;
I can hear the fiery rattle
Echo far and wide;
And forever in my dreaming
That wild raid I ride."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1863.

TO ADVERTISERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY has a circulation of OVER ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND COPIES, which are scattered over the whole country. Every number is probably read by eight or ten persons, so that advertisements in its pages reach the eye of more individuals than advertisements in any other periodical. It is essentially a home paper, and is found in every country house whose inmates take an interest in the thrilling events of the day. It is not destroyed after being read, as daily papers are, but is kept, and in many cases bound, placed in a library, and referred to from time to time. Advertisers who wish to bring their business to the notice of the public at large, and especially of the householding class, can find no medium so suitable for their purpose as *Harper's Weekly*.

Advertisements on the last page of *Harper's Weekly* ONE DOLLAR per line; inside SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS per line. The space allotted to advertisements is limited, and an early application is advisable to secure a place.

WOULD-BE MARTYRS.

NOW that Mr. Vallandigham is comfortable among people of his own way of thinking down South, we presume that the noble army of would-be martyrs will undergo a diminution. It is still asserted, we perceive, by Vallandigham's friends, that the atrocious tyranny of which he has been the victim will have the effect of making him Governor of Ohio; and quite a number of aspiring politicians, anxious to be Governors or Senators, or at least Congressmen, are trying busily to get themselves locked up or exiled with a view to the honors and profits of martyrdom. We are, however, not so sure as some of our friends seem to be that the people of Ohio will send to the Court of Jeff Davis for a successor to Governor Tod. Ohio has nearly 100,000 men in the field who are shedding their blood in a deadly struggle with rebels who welcome, appreciate, and extol Vallandigham; these citizen-soldiers and their friends will wait at all events until the war is over before they send to the enemy's camp for a Governor and Commander-in-Chief. For our part, we think that Mr. Vallandigham is effectually extinguished. By whatever specious ingenuity he may have heretofore exculpated himself from charges of disloyalty, it is patent now that he is a welcome guest among the enemies of his country, and is eating their salt, and probably sharing their counsels. They may trust him hereafter; the North never can.

As to the smart talkers and writers who are aiming at the Capitol or the White House by way of Fort Lafayette, we fear their ambition will be disappointed. The price of provisions is advancing daily, and the Government is already at expense enough for the support of troops, without undertaking to fatten traitors likewise. It would be no small gain to many of these New York and New Jersey patriots, who declaim against the destruction of our liberties, to get their board gratis this summer. But Mr. Lincoln can not afford such luxuries. The peace orators had far better give up the idea of getting free board and lodging, with eventual contingencies in the shape of a martyr's reputation, and betake themselves to some honest trade.

When the war is over, the public will probably be apt to scan rather closely the record which public men made for themselves while it was raging. At that time, protests against being classed as a some-time Copperhead will abound. The men who are now noisiest against the atrocious despotism of Lincoln will then call Heaven to witness that they were loyal supporters of the Government. For it will then be as odious to have been false to the country in her hour of greatest peril as it was eighty years ago to have joined the Tories in the Revolution. Already there are indications that public sentiment is being formed in this direction. Even among persons not over-friendly to the Government, "ticket-of-leave" men from Fort Lafayette are beginning to be shunned. Pretty soon the public will make no great distinction between a rascal who was sent to State's Prison for burglary and a traitor who was sent to Fort Warren for treason. And the stigma will stick. Our children will be brought up in holy horror of traitors, and the time will come when innocent creatures, now unborn or mere infants, will be pursued through life with the bitter and unbearable taunt that, in the dark and dreary days of the Great Rebellion, their father was a Copperhead!

THE LOUNGER.

DESPOTISM.

WHEN the rebels, in a kind of mad spite, talk of the despotism which prevails at the North—speak of the President as his "Majesty Abraham First," or "King Lincoln"—and congratulate themselves upon being relieved from the contamination of Northern society, the dull humor can hardly excite a smile among men who have the earnest work of the war upon their hands and hearts.

But when papers and orators among ourselves print and reiterate every thing that can possibly paralyze the spirit and perplex the activity of loyal men, appealing to the basest prejudices and the meanest passions, intent only upon a party warfare while the nation is in deadly peril from armed rebels—insisting that the danger to the country from the despotism of the Government of the United States is greater than that from the desperate rebellion of Davis and his associates—and in the same breath declaring that the proof of that despotism is its interference with free speech; there can be but one emotion in every loyal mind, and that, a feeling of unutterable contempt.

There is always a public common sense which understands the intention of speeches and articles which are skillfully prepared to seem to favor what they really attack. That common sense is perfectly aware that a man who, in this critical period of our history, steadily depreciates every act and maligns every motive of the Administration, under pretense of supporting the "Government," is a man who delights in our defeats and rejoices in rebel successes. The supposition that Mr. Fernando Wood is more interested in the maintenance of personal rights than General Burnside, or that the party known as Copperhead is more unswervingly devoted to the maintenance of the supreme constitutional authority of the Government than the President of the United States, is too gross for any one, except a man who believes that Mr. Rynders really respects the right of free speech.

The people of this country have invested the authorities with unusual powers for carrying on the war and restoring the Government. Nobody supposes that summary proceedings may not be often necessary, and every body knows that in case of any extravagant and dishonest use of such powers, every officer will be held to the strictest account. But the spirit and method of public criticism indicate unerringly whether it is made from real sympathy with the cause of the country or from secret hostility to it. Does any thoughtful, intelligent, loyal man believe that the liberties of American citizens are in more danger from the action of the authorities than from the rebellion? Does such a man truly believe that a Copperhead convention is more jealous of the national honor, or more earnestly desirous of a just and permanent peace than those who prefer even to see some rights temporarily abridged rather than all rights finally destroyed?

THE WESTERN BOYS.

WHILE we write, the fate of Vicksburg is undecided. But whatever that fate may be, the sturdy and splendid prowess of the Western soldiers who have fought for a month in the very heart of the rebellion will be one of the most glorious traditions of the war.

They stand beside the river which is their river. They fight not only for the great and general cause of the Government and of civil order which inspires all our troops, but they strike for a palpable, present object, the control of the river, which is the life-current of their prosperity, which is the natural highway to the sea of ten millions of free men between the Alleghanies and the Rocky Mountains, the vast, central basin of the continent, the valley of imperishable empire.

They fight for it with a heroism proportioned to the grandeur of the stake, with the inspiration of men who know that justice, law, necessity, national life itself, are on their side. To the wiles of demagogues and desperate traitors they oppose a glistening front of silent steel. They know that no treaty with a foreign power can secure to them the navigation of that river so certainly as its unobstructed control by a powerful undivided nation from the lakes to the Gulf. They know that to seek that control by separation from the Eastern and union with the Southern part of that nation would be to renounce the guarantee of a great sovereign power for the uncertain alliance of a faction which shows no regard for honorable engagements, and repudiates the unity of parts as an essential condition of collective force.

Throughout the loyal land, and through our history, the praise of these men rings and shall ring forever. Men of the West, whether this time Vicksburg falls before your conquering hands, or whether its fall be yet delayed, remember that every stalwart blow you strike rivets all true hearts in the land together, and binds yet more closely the bonds that hold our common country! In the East and the West, from the river to the sea, all hearts follow you with hopes, and prayers, and pride, and the children of our children shall bless you!

FROM A DIARY.

THE Lounger is glad to hear once more from his friend the Diarist, who continues to jot down his little daily experiences.

I was sitting in Edward's office the other morning when John came in and announced that the world was a d—d fool; that it spun round in one place forever; that nothing ever radically changed; and that when Edward was older he would know that a man was an ass who supposed there was any social progress or amelioration. It is needless for me to record that John is a full-blown Copperhead. He continued that he prided himself on his consistency. He vowed that he had never changed; that he started in life with certain fixed principles, but that while other people had budged he had been steady.

"Yes," said Edward, dryly, "I have heard of such people before. The Bourbons never changed. They had a fixed principle. It was to butt their heads against a stone-wall. And they butted until they were jelly. Do you present this quality of yours as a subject of admiration? For you really seem to be pluming yourself upon it."

"I mean," said John, "that I don't change my views of right and wrong."

"Well, who does?" replied Edward, smiling.

"Why, I should rather think you did," continued John, "for I heard Ebony the other day—think of it!—Ebony, the Abolitionist—the Abolitionist, by Jupiter!—actually praising *you*, my dear Edward. And I was truly sorry for you."

"How does that show any change of my view of right and wrong?"

"Why, didn't he use to scorch you because you believed in slavery?"

"I never believed in slavery."

"The devil you didn't."

"No—I thought that it ought to be let alone, and that it would cure itself. But since the slave-drivers began to upset the country to save slavery, I am for upsetting slavery to save the country, and for upsetting it so thoroughly that there shall be nothing left of it. My view of the right or wrong of slavery is precisely the same. But my view of the true policy in regard to its treatment has changed. Does that penetrate your brain my dear John? But, John—?"

"Well."

"You say that you heard Ebony, the Abolitionist, praise me?"

"Yes."

"Well, Ebony and I both go in for Union, and liberty as its security. But the other day I heard Scale, the meanest of Copperheads, praising you without stint. I have heard you blamed for many things in other days, and laughed. But, by George, I blushed this time to hear you praised for doing all you could to help the rebels, under a plea of 'concern for the Union and Government!' To be praised by a fanatic for liberty, and decency, and honor, and Union, and human rights, does not trouble me very much. But to be praised by a fanatic for slavery, indecency, dishonor, and disunion, that, I think, Master John, would be a little tough. What do you think?"

"I'm not in favor of Slavery."

"What?"

"I have always been consistent. I have always said that whenever any body would say how Slavery could be abolished in a way most beneficial to master and slave, I would consider the proposition."

"Generous man! And, John, I am not abstractly in favor of theft. I say only that whenever somebody will point out to me how thieving can be done away with, with a due regard to the rights of property and of theft, I will consider it maturely. But meanwhile I must be permitted to promote theft by saying that the Bible recognizes it, for it expressly speaks of thieves breaking through and stealing. Besides, thieving in some form has always prevailed, and must therefore be considered Providential, and society expects thieving and is adjusted to that expectation; and some men are clearly made to be thieves or they wouldn't be thieves; and what on earth do you propose to do with the thieves if you abolish theft? Your position and your reasoning, John, do equal honor to your brains and your heart. You are what Darwin would call a Copperhead by natural selection."

John smiled vaguely and turned over the papers.

"I am really very much concerned about Vicksburg," he said.

"Yes, of course you are, for there is a chance of Jeff's losing it," answered Edward.

John smiled still more faintly.

"Oh, you are such a horrid Abolitionist," said he, as he walked out.

REBELS AND COPPERHEADS.

THE Copperheads and the rebels have an equally sensitive regard and veneration for the Constitution of the United States. It was a favorite and universal theory of the rebels at the time of Mr. Lincoln's election that the Constitution did not permit the Government to save itself. Mr. Russell, in his Diary, mentions by name and initials certain notorious Copperheads of to-day who were of the same opinion. And the Copperhead journals, which struggle to show that there is no terrorism at the South, which magnify our disasters, and nobly sneer at "Sambo," appear day after day without one single word of hearty abhorrence of the rebellion, but with painfully-elaborated columns of complaint that the Constitution of the United States is in imminent danger of destruction by—Davis and his crew? Not at all; but by the Government.

It is, indeed, marvelous to see what profound respect for the Constitution the rebels have who are slaughtering loyal citizens by the thousands to overthrow it, and the Copperheads who are doing all that men can do to secure the success of the rebellion. Meanwhile, if we may credit Copperhead or rebel authority, the Government of the United States, which acts sometimes summarily, and the great mass of the loyal people who support the Government, are wickedly regardless of the august instrument; so that, according to these doctors, the only hope of maintaining the authority of the Constitution and restoring unity lies in Jeff Davis and his men at the South, and in their friends at the North, like Messrs. Vallandigham and Rynders.

It is not surprising, therefore, since Copperhead is only the Northside view of a rebel, to find an absolute likeness in the phrases by which the rebel and Copperhead papers and orators describe the process of subverting the Constitution in which the Government is engaged. It is instructive, as showing the identity of spirit which animates them. By way of illustration. Can any reader tell at sight whether these criticisms of "the performance at Cincinnati" are taken from rebel or Copperhead sources? The "new campaign for consolidating all power....and ferociously stamping down the last murmurs and struggles of those liege subjects who used to be citizens." "By gradations of infamy he (the President) sits on a kingly throne and aspires to a regal crown."

It would not be possible to distinguish. But one is rebel and the other Copperhead, and the reader may see exactly how much to believe of the professions of veneration for the Constitution, the Government, or the Union which proceed from either.

A LITTLE DISH OF "PEACE."

MR. WALL, of New Jersey, who was confined in Fort Lafayette a year or two ago, and afterward sent to the United States Senate to complete a vacant term, lately made a speech in Philadelphia. The feeling in regard to the orator, who is known

to favor submission to the rebels, was so strong in that city that he was protected in speaking by two hundred "minions of Abe Lincoln," who were also the municipal "tyrants and despots" of Philadelphia.

In the course of his speech the orator said that if the North, which is the stronger of the belligerents, did not offer overtures of reconciliation the war would become one of subjugation and annihilation. Of course it will. When some citizens arm to overthrow the Government of the people, and the people accept the war, there can be but one of three results: either the rebels must be subjugated by the superior power of the Government; or they must conquer the Government; or the war must continue until the weaker party is exhausted or annihilated. The proposition that the Government shall offer terms of reconciliation is merely the second of these alternatives. For what is a Government which, after two years' hard fighting with citizens who refuse to obey laws constitutionally made, asks them what they want, and agrees to do what they desire? It is merely a power which says, "You are stronger than I." It is a Government dishonored and destroyed, after a conspicuous failure to enforce its authority.

That is exactly the feast of "Peace" to which Messrs. Vallandigham, Wall, Wood, Rynders, Brooks, & Co. invite the country.

THE FLAG.

DEDICATED TO COLONEL ROBERT G. SHAW AND THE MASSACHUSETTS FIFTY-FOURTH REGIMENT.

At last, at last, each glowing star
In that pure field of heavenly blue,
On every people shining far,
Burns, to its utmost promise true.

Hopes in our fathers' hearts that stirred;
Justice, the seal of peace, long scorned:
Oh, perfect peace, too long deferred,
At last, at last, your day has dawned.

Your day has dawned, but many an hour
Of storm and cloud, of doubt and tears,
Across the eternal sky must lower
Before the glorious noon appears.

And not for us that noontide glow:
For us the strife and toil shall be;
But welcome toil, for now we know
Our children shall that glory see.

At last, at last, oh, Stars and Stripes!
Touched in your birth by Freedom's flame!
Your purifying lightning wipes
Out from our history its shame.

Stand to your faith, America!
Sad Europe, listen to our call!
Up to your manhood, Africa!
That gracious flag floats over all.

Pure as its white the future see;
Bright as its red is now the sky;
Fixed as its stars the faith shall be
That nerves our hands to do or die.

SLANDER.

MR. BENJAMIN N. MARTIN has performed a public service in writing to the New York *Times* that General Benham "uses no spirituous liquors when in active service." The *Times* upon the previous day had discoursed of damaged reputations, and imputed to General Benham a "proneness to strong drink."

Now strong drinking is a great evil, but a public charge of drunkenness is not a small one. And it has become a charge which is alarmingly universal. Many of the most conspicuous civil and military leaders of the war have been its victims. For a long time it was stoutly asserted that Mr. Seward's "habits were shocking." Then he smoked opium in his cigars. And the Lounger has been assured, by breath that was extremely "liquorish," that the most important dispatches which have emanated from the State Department were prepared under the stimulus of strong drink. Innumerable Generals have also been painted in the same colors. Miss Dickinson so far forgot herself as to insinuate that General M'Clellan was intoxicated during a battle. General M'Dowell, who never drinks any thing stronger than lemonade, was at one time currently represented as overcome with liquor upon the field. So strong was the national tendency to charge drunkenness upon every public man that the President, whom we all knew to be a teetotaller, was described by our gentlemanly slaveholding brethren, who can not associate with vile Yankees, as "a drunken baboon." The habit of imputing intoxication has gone so far that we have often heard the question asked of a person, when some act was singular or inexplicable, "Does he drink?"

It is beyond question that many public men do seek the relief of stimulating drink, and to excess. The history of the country, of every state and city, is full of the melancholy warning. But surely writers for the press should be more careful how they insinuate or state what should be unsaid until its truth is beyond cavil. There is a certain responsibility upon all newspaper writers of which we are all too forgetful. It is easy to stab reputations—to suggest plausible suspicions—to ask pregnant and suggestive questions. It is as easy as to say that our liberties are lost and that the President is Genghis Khan, because Vallandigham is sent across the lines. And in such a case as Benham's it appears to be just as true.

LONDON LITERATURE.

How absolutely literature has become a profession in London is curiously illustrated by an advertisement in a late literary paper. "To authors. Tales wanted. Good original stories, MS., containing 5000 to 50,000 words, will be liberally paid for: and rejected *MSS.* returned at the author's risk. Of short stories most are required; and when religious opinions are involved, they should be in favor of the national church. Translations quite unsuitable."

And another in the same paper: "To authors. A Publishing House, who (*sic*) intend to publish a popular history of England from 1688 to the present time, will be glad to receive proposals from competent writers for the preparation of the work."

It would be interesting to know the final result of such advertisements. Their appearance is not surprising, for the circulation of small weekly papers in London devoted to stories is enormous. The *London Journal*, for instance, the most popular of the class, circulates three hundred thousand copies weekly. There is a vague impression that the poorer Londoners do not read much; yet Lloyd's penny paper circulates half a million of copies, issuing three editions, on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, respectively. It is edited by Blanchard Jerrold, son of Douglas Jerrold, and has been steadily and strongly in favor of the Union cause in this country. It is a paper of sixty columns, and is very influential with the laboring poor. The Daily *Times*, on the other hand, the rebel *Thunderer*, circulates about forty thousand. A single copy sells for threepence. The *Daily Telegraph* sells for one penny, and circulates 120,000 daily. The principal owner of the *Times* is a Mr. Walter, although, as Kinglake tells us, it is largely owned by a company. The *Telegraph* belongs to a Mr. Levy, a Hebrew of Fleet Street, and George Augustus Sala is its editor. Percy B. Singer is also an editor.

Of Sala the letter to the Washington *Chronicle*, in which we find these statements, draws a very unattractive portrait, which may be the result of some personal difficulty. "Sala writes one leading article daily for the *Telegraph*, for which he receives three guineas per diem. He is also the editor of *Temple Bar* (a magazine) and he will write for any thing that pays. He was the boon companion of Train—drank his Champagne, puffed his tramway, borrowed his money, and when Train lost his prestige, he lost Sala. Sala has reputation here, but he is simply a wordy, mercenary pretender, coarse in his manners and corrupt in his tastes."

Of his "Captain Dangerous," which this writer calls "a flimsy sketch of rubbish," the *Atheneum* says: "As a life-like reproduction of an obsolete form of literature, setting forth with much vigor and freshness of humor a living writer's ideal of the views and ways of life taken by an adventurous rover some generations since, the book will delight those who are familiar with the sources from which its stores of information have been drawn."

Doctors disagree.

A COMMON COMPLAINT.

"NEW YORK, *Monday, June* 1, 1863.

"DEAR MR. LOUNGER,—Will you, like a chivalric and good-natured Lounger, incline your ear to the grievances of the fair sex? Will you bestow upon us the meed of a little sympathy and a little advice while we lay our cause of complaint before you? Our patience has been tried beyond endurance—in fact, it has ceased to be a virtue.

"We wish simply to know whether it is well-bred or gallant for a crowd of elaborately-dressed men—*not* gentlemen—to post themselves in front of the Fifth Avenue Hotel every Sunday when people are *en route* to and from church, for the sole purpose of criticising the ladies. Is it polite for them to make audible comments on our dress or looks, and our style generally? If we're good-looking, we don't care to be told of it in that public fashion; if we're plain, we certainly can dispense with a proclamation of the fact. Sunday after Sunday this *petite comedy* is re-enacted, until the Fifth Avenue Hotel is positively dreaded by the ladies. Nor can we avoid the infliction, situated as the hotel is on the thoroughfare leading to our principal churches. Now, dear Lounger, won't you give these fashionable loafers a gentle hint on behalf of a host of your lady readers? Do, and we'll be your firm friends and allies ever after.

"ONE OF THE SUFFERERS."

It is an old complaint, dear ladies. In Thackeray's "Pendennis," you will remember the charming poem at "the Church Porch," which is not indeed the hotel porch, but the lounging around both places is the same. And what can be done? Here is a man at the Lounger's elbow this moment who says that the world never moves; that nothing ever changes; and that what has been will continue to be forever. What do you think of that? There will indeed, we fear, for a long time be plenty of men who will affect to be gentlemen, and criticise audibly or inaudibly the aspect of the ladies who pass before them. The only way of avoidance is very simple, but it is quite effective. Cross to the other side of the street, ladies; and reflect that in the public streets of a great city there must be a great many inconveniences and nuisances which you can not wholly escape.

A PICTURE AT BARNUM'S.

IN the gallery with the Aquaria at Barnum's Museum there is a large picture, painted by Louis Ransom, of John Brown on his way to execution. He is just leaving the jail under military escort and meets the negro woman and her child. "They were of the despised race for whose sake he had suffered so much, and was now about to lay down his life. He paused for a moment, stooped, and kissed the child tenderly." It is one of the incidents that history will always fondly record and art delineate. The fierce and bitter judgment of the moment upon the old man is already tempered. Despised and forsaken in his own day, the heart of another generation may treat him as he treated the little outcast child. In the picture his head is conspicuous against the yellow ground of a flag which surrounds it like a halo. The eager officer by his side pushes the mother away, and the bedizened soldier in the fore-ground scowls at her. The fussy parade which the authorities made at his execution is admirably suggested by these figures, and however sharply the work might be criticised by the connoisseur, there is a solemnity and pathos in it which is wanting in many a finer painting.

When the Lounger was a boy and went to museums, the chief and terrible attraction was the murder of old Mr. White in Salem, done in wax. But here for the boys of to-day is a terrible scene of another kind, to which the artist has brought an earnest and loving hand, and which—such is the constant throng at the Museum—more than many books or orations, will repeat the significant story to the popular heart. That heart will remember long that those who were fiercest in their condemnation of John Brown are faintest in their censure of the rebels.

LITERARY.

MR. WALTER LOW, the bookseller at No. 823 Broadway, has the good and most useful habit of advertising in every Saturday's *Evening Post* the new books of the week. Readers and buyers will find his bulletin a great convenience.

Mr. Low has also for sale the admirable photograph by Rockwood of Darley's characteristic drawing, "The Story of a Battle."

Bayard Taylor has a novel in press, called "The Strong-Minded Woman: a Romance of American Life."

Donald G. Mitchell, "Ik Marvel," has a new book nearly ready—"My Farm: a Book on Rural Topics." When Rubens was sent as minister to a foreign court he said that he was a painter playing embassador. Mr. Mitchell would probably call himself a farmer playing author.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

WHEN Mademoiselle Arnault, the actress, went to visit Voltaire, he said to her, "Ah! Mademoiselle, I am eighty-four years old, and I have committed as many fooleries." "Quite a trifle," replied the actress; "I am only forty, and have committed a thousand."

Some poet says the wind kisses the waves. That, we suppose, is the celebrated "kiss for a blow," about which we have heard so much.

The young man who asked the daughter's hand and got the father's foot, had the consolation of knowing that his wooing was not bootless.

"Ah," said a teacher—"ah, Caroline Jones, what do you think you would have been without your father and mother?" "I suppose, mum," said Caroline, who was very much struck with the soft appeal, "I suppose, mum, as I should ha' been a horphan."

On hearing a clergyman remark, "the world is full of change," Mrs. Partington said she could hardly bring her mind to believe it, so little found its way into her pocket.

Often at fashionable balls we have seen a good many goats, and a pair of kids to every goat.

A young gentleman having made some progress in acquiring a knowledge of Italian, addressed a few words to an organ-grinder in his purest accent, but was astonished at receiving the following response, "I no speak Inglis."

"I am like Balaam," said a dandy, on meeting a pretty girl in a passage, "stopped by an angel." "And I am like the angel," said she, "stopped by an ass."

"Any thing to please the child," as the nurse said when she let the baby crawl out of the nursery window.

"We've only met to divide," as the guillotine said to the criminal.

Tomkins considers that a briefless barrister ought never to be blamed, "for it is decidedly wrong to abuse a man without a cause."

If a man uses a cork-screw too often at a sitting, his movements are as likely to get as crooked as the instrument.

"Honesty," says Archbishop Whately, "is the best policy; but he who acts upon this principle is not an honest man."

"I am surprised, wife, at your ignorance. Have you never seen any books at all?"—"Oh, yes, in a number of *cases*."

It is said, that, with a Yankee, every day is a day of "reckoning."

The loud tones in which some people appeal to reason imply that reason is a great distance from them.

The worst and most unendurable of all our ills are the imaginary ones.

"I think I must look over it," as the horse said to the gate of the clover field.

Persons dead to shame may not unfrequently prove alive to the horsewhip.

What is the use of an eclipse?—Why, to give the sun time for reflection.

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

My first is a carriage in England that's seen,
But in foreign parts more does abound,
In my second we'll find that few have not been,
If we search all the country around,
My whole's in position as low as can be,
Yet the poor seldom have me you plainly will see.
Car-pet (Carpet).

Why should a gouty man make his will?
To have his legatees (leg at ease).

My first in music forms a graceful part;
My next the Cossack whirls with dextrous art;
My whole's a bard whose well-known name
Will live forever in the rolls of fame.
Shake-speare.

Why is a man giving alms to a beggar like a cart-horse?
Because he stops at woh (woe)

When do sheep become stationery?
When they are turned into pens.

If an old woman in a red cloak were to overtake a fierce ram in a narrow lane, what transformation would take place?
The ram would turn to butter (butt her), the old woman into a scarlet-runner.

What man had no father?
Joshua, the son of Nun (none).

Why is a clever detective like a precocious genius?
Because he possesses great quickness of apprehension.

I take the lead in government, yet have no part in law; I terminate every undertaking, yet am never in action; and though never wanting in guineas, am always out of cash?
The letter G.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

VICKSBURG.

UP to 27th, three assaults had been made by our forces on the rebel strong-hold, in all of which we were repulsed. The last assault was made by General Sherman, with twenty thousand men, in which we lost six hundred killed and a large number wounded. Our outer line is within one hundred yards of the rebel works. Our sharp-shooters prevent the rebels from working their guns. The rebel works in the rear of the city are far more formidable than those in front. General Joe Johnston is in the neighborhood of Jackson with about fifteen thousand men, and is reported to be short of provisions and ammunition. General Grant has taken 8400 prisoners and 84 pieces of artillery.

LOSS OF THE "CINCINNATI."

News from Memphis to the 1st inst. recounts the destruction of the United States gun-boat *Cincinnati* by the fire of the rebel batteries on the 26th ult., and the loss of from fifteen to forty killed and wounded.

PORTER ON THE YAZOO.

The following dispatch was received last week at the Navy Department:

FLAG-SHIP "BLACK HAWK," MISSISSIPPI SQUADRON,
NEAR VICKSBURG, *May* 25, *via* CAIRO, *May* 30, 1863.

To Hon. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy:

SIR,—I have the honor to inform you that the expedition under the command of Lieutenant Commander Walker, after taking possession of the forts at Haines's Bluff, was perfectly successful.

Three powerful steamers and a ram were destroyed at Yazoo City. The ram was a monster, 310 feet long, 70 feet beam, to be covered with four-inch iron plates. Also a fine navy-yard, with machine shops of all kinds, saw-mills, blacksmiths' shops, etc., were burned up.

The property destroyed and captured amounted to over two millions of dollars.

Had the monster ram been finished she would have given us some trouble.

One battery was destroyed at Drury's Bluff.

Our loss on the expedition was one killed and seven wounded.

DAVID D. PORTER,
Acting Rear-Admiral, Comd'g Miss. Squadron.

GENERAL BANKS'S OPERATIONS.

Advices from the Department of the Gulf to the 24th ult. state that Port Hudson, like Vicksburg, is in a state of siege. A preliminary reconnoissance was made from Baton Rouge on the 12th, Colonel Grierson with his famous cavalry co-operating. It was further continued on the 13th, and the rebel pickets at Port Hudson were driven in. Colonel Grierson proceeded to the railroads and telegraphs communicating with the place, and succeeded in destroying all communication. On the 19th the reconnoissance was pushed to within a mile and a half of the rebel works without bringing on an engagement. On the 21st, however, a heavy force having been brought up from Baton Rouge, on the Bayou Sara Road, the advance in earnest against Port Hudson commenced, and the enemy, under General Gardner, was encountered on the Port Hudson Plains, two open tracts of smooth country four miles east of the fortifications. The rebels were in ambush, but were soon uncovered, and, after a warm engagement, were defeated and driven back within their works, leaving a large number of killed and wounded on the field. Port Hudson by this time is fully invested by our forces, if it has not already fallen into our hands.

A FIGHT AT FLORENCE.

A dispatch from Cincinnati, dated June 2, says that Colonel Cornyn defeated General Roddy at Florence, Alabama, on the 27th ult., capturing one hundred men, eight officers, four hundred mules, and three hundred negroes. Colonel Cornyn then proceeded northward, destroying foundries, mills, and every thing else useful to the enemy that he could lay his hands on.

THE REBEL ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

It is stated that the enemy is in motion, their trains being observed moving toward Culpepper, followed by a heavy column of troops. General Lee, it is said, has issued an address to his army congratulating them upon their past achievements and foreshadowing a raid into Maryland. He tells them that they are to have long and rapid marches through a country without railroads, and calls upon every man to be prepared for the severest hardships.

BURNSIDE AT WORK.

A correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*, by authority of General Burnside himself, denies the statement that he has asked to be relieved of the command of the Department which he now controls. When he accepted the command it was with the understanding that he should take the field with his Ninth Army Corps, and other troops that were to be forwarded to him, and pierce through Kentucky to East Tennessee. He did not intend to remain in Cincinnati more than ten days, but has been detained until now. He proposes to leave for the front in a few days, and will take immediate command of the troops. His troops are to co-operate with those of Rosecrans, and also with those of Grant, as soon as Vicksburg is taken.

THREATENED RETALIATION.

A dispatch was sent under a flag of truce last week by General Burnside to General Bragg, stating that if any retaliation for the hanging of two spies, executed recently according to the usages of war, should be resorted to by the rebels he would hang all the rebel officers in his hands.

UNION PRISONERS HELD BY THE REBELS.

It appears that the rebel authorities refuse to parole the officers of Colonel Streight's command, recently captured near Rome, Georgia; but still retain them as prisoners of war at Richmond.

EXPLOITS OF THE ENGLISH PIRATES.

The British pirates *Alabama* and *Florida*, acting in conjunction, have lately destroyed no less than nine vessels, namely: The *Oneida*, *Louisa Hatch*, *Nora*, *Charles Hill*, *Commonwealth*, *Henrietta*, *Lafayette*, *Kate Cory*, and *Kingfisher*, in all making five ships, two barks, one brig, and a schooner.

ELECTION IN WESTERN VIRGINIA.

The following are the names of the loyal State officers who were elected in Western Virginia on the 28th ult.:

Governor—F. H. Pierpont.
Lieutenant-Governor—L. C. P. Cowper.
Attorney-General—J. R. Bowden.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

SEIZURE OF BRITISH VESSELS.

EARL RUSSELL, in the House of Lords, defended the American prize courts and the course of policy of Secretary Seward relative to the cases of captured British vessels off the blockading coast against a severe attack of the Marquis of Clanricarde. The Earl stated that the law officers of the Crown had considered almost every case of seizure, and "they reported that there was no rational ground of objection" to the action of the American prize courts.

MEXICO.

REPORTED FALL OF PUEBLA.

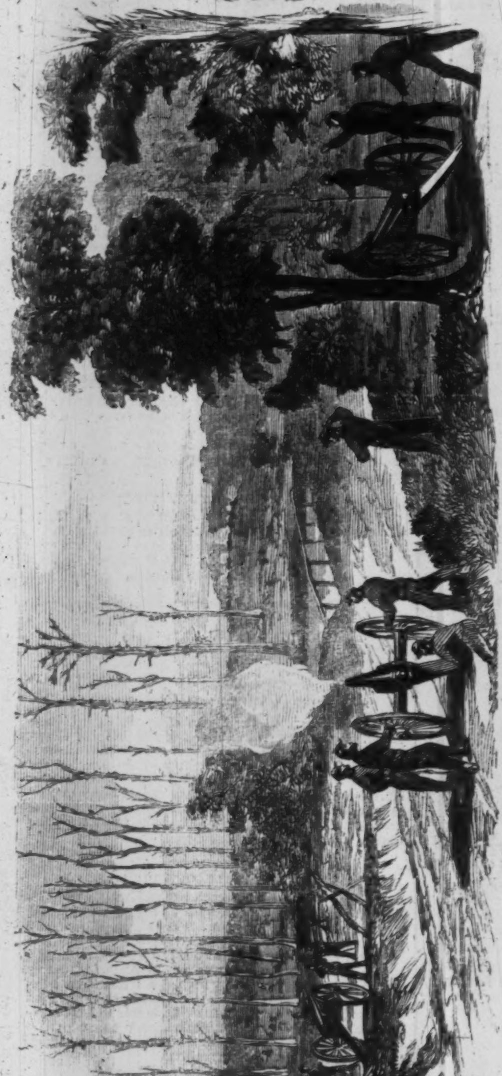
It is reported that the French have ultimately succeeded in the capture of Puebla, with its commander-in-chief (General Ortega), a large number of inferior officers, and thousands of soldiers. The garrison artillery, by the same accounts, are said to have also fallen into their hands. It is said that immediately on the arrival of his heavy siege artillery General Forey opened a tremendous bombardment on the city, and on the 17th ult. ordered a general assault. The garrison, however, is said to have made but little resistance, and the whole force, commander, officers, soldiers, and artillery, unconditionally surrendered. The whole story needs confirmation.

BRAZIL.

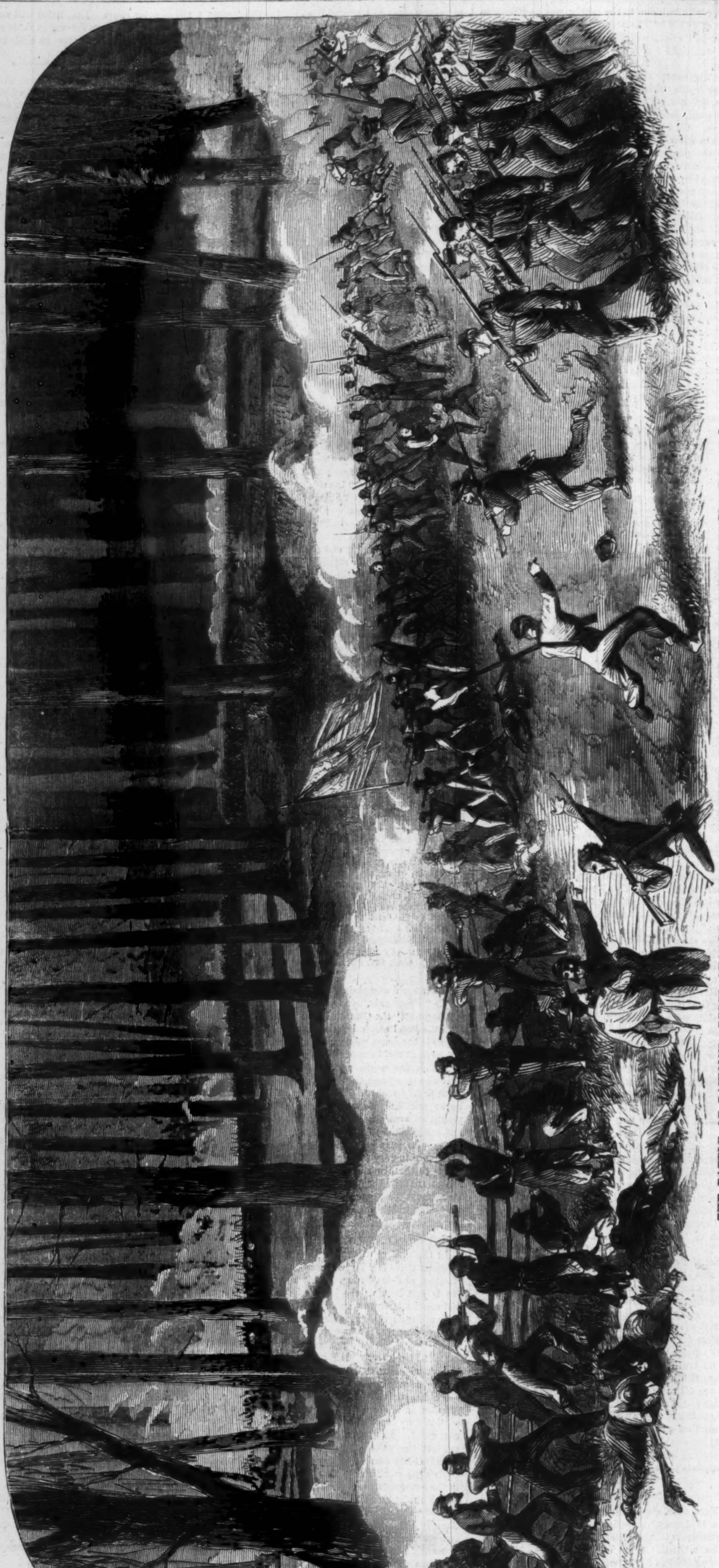
HOW AN HONEST GOVERNMENT ACTS.

The recent raids of the privateer *Alabama* off the coast of Brazil have provoked the authorities of that country to remove the commander at Fernando de Noronha for permitting her to commit depredations in Brazilian waters, and her presence in that region was forbidden by his successor.

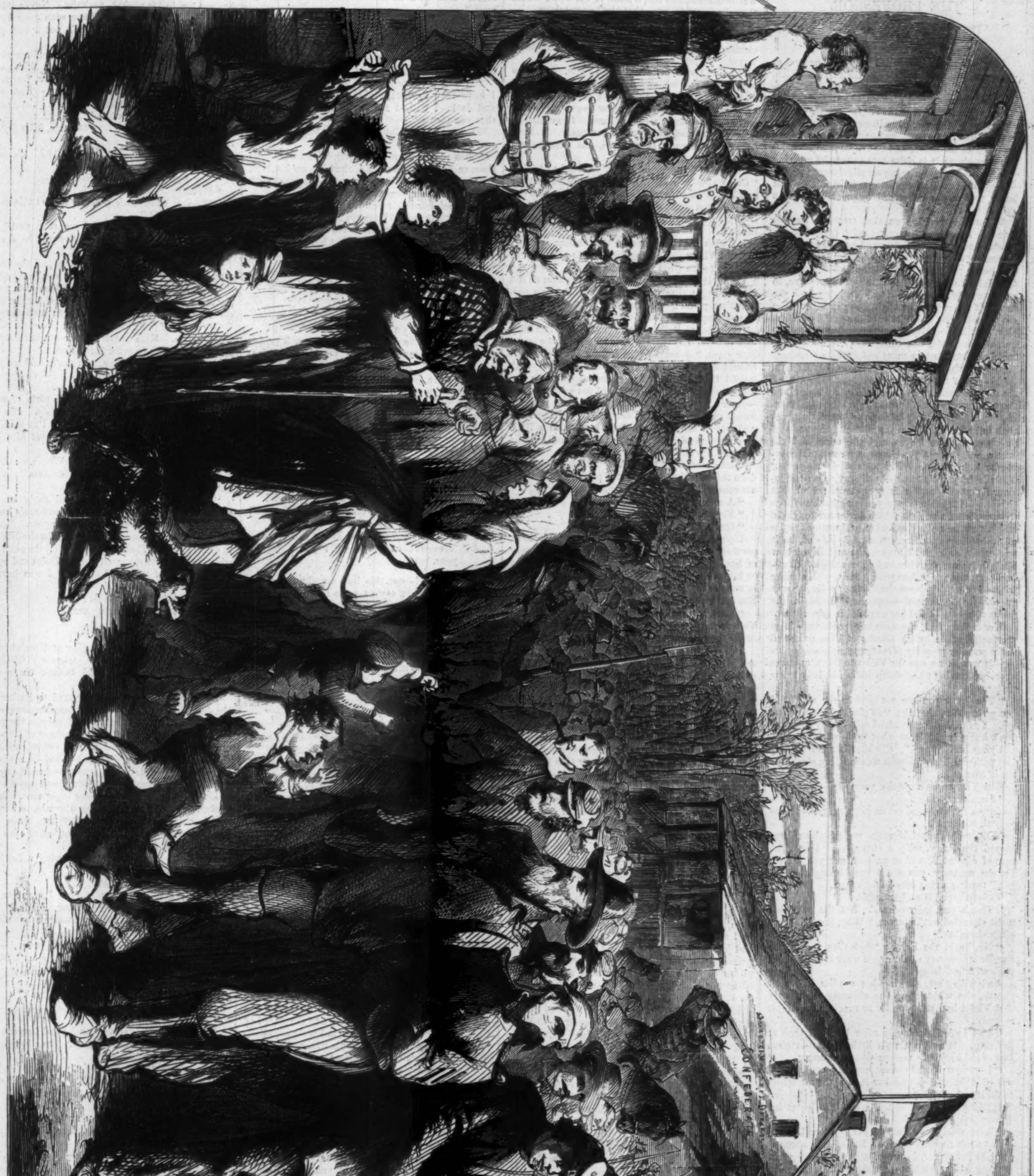
SHELLING THE REBEL REAR.



OPENING THE BATTLE OF RAYMOND.



THE BATTLE OF RAYMOND—REBEL CHARGE ON LOGAN'S DIVISION.—Sketched by Mr. Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 369.]



A GROUP OF UNION PRISONERS ESCORTED THROUGH A REBEL TOWN.—[See Page 375.]

THE PROFESSOR.

"As you please."

"Good-evening."

"Good-by."

That was the thing called a lover's quarrel as nearly as can be described (for, in that condition, mortals dwell in so curious an atmosphere of intuitions, gestures, and glances, that mere earthly dictionaries have no scales fine enough for the proper weighing out of such precious and subtle commodities); a thing, unfortunately, out of the province of medicine, and apt to be a hopeless affair enough, as it is quite sure to require a giving up of self-will, and a going on pilgrimage into the Valley of Humiliation, for which, in this case at least, the parties concerned by no means felt a call.

Violet was positive on that score, as she sat thinking over the pithy conversation quoted above, mechanically pulling violets and camelias to pieces—remnants of a bouquet that he had given her—and looking at a package of letters addressed Captain John Luynes, and a little satin-lined case, in which was her betrothal ring. Judging from the aspect of the room, one might have imagined that she warred after the fashion of the Southern chivalry, and, having killed her love, had rifled it also; but, at any rate, one thing was certain—there could not have been a more unfortunate morning.

Not but that the morning was well enough in itself—one of those brisk, stirring mornings, when the flowers seem to be in a hurry to get out, and there is a general to-do among the birds, and commotion in the barn-yards, and big blundering bees rush in and out as if distracted with the press of business, and the leaves, and the wind, and the water, and the sunshine keep up a continual waving and fluttering, sparkling and dancing: but Violet's fairy godmother—by-the-by, have I mentioned that she had a fairy godmother? or that this is an old-fashioned story, dating back as far as "once upon a time," in which fairies are to trip in and out at their pleasure and mine, in utter despite of probability and common sense? If not, be it understood now, and let me go on to tell you how Violet's fairy godmother had chosen this of all unlucky mornings for her yearly visit, and, coming without ceremony down the chimney—for she was an old-fashioned soul—surprised Violet in the midst of her sulks and her expressive room.

Worse than that, she wore her spectacles—fairy spectacles, made by the Giants of Fire, possessed of the peculiar property of reading people's thoughts—so it was of no use for Violet to feign raptures over her coming; the sharp little old lady knew better.

"You know you are not glad to see me," said her godmother, shortly; "so please don't say you are. You wish me a hundred miles away; for you don't know in the least what to do with yourself and your love-tokens." Clicking her golden needles with emphasis; for she was knitting stockings out of corn-silk.

Now Violet was a plucky young lady.

"I can't contradict you, though you should turn me into a cat and send me on pilgrimage," she answered, with spirit.

"Oh, make yourself easy, god-daughter," returned the Fairy, with a chuckle. "I owe the race of cats no ill-will at present, nor you either. On the contrary, you see I have brought you a gift," tossing a ring into Violet's lap.

Violet slipped it on her finger.

"Thank you, godmother." But the next moment she cried out in terror, "Why, it won't come off, godmother."

"No," said the Fairy; "but then it has this excellent property: while you wear it your every wish will be fulfilled."

And with that, sticking her needles into their sheath, she whisked up the chimney so smartly that Violet had not time for so much as a syllable in reply.

Violet looked dubiously after her, and then at the ring. It was a simple little circlet—a mere line of gold scarcely noticeable on her finger.

"I wonder if godmother has any conscience," she thought, "and whether it is right for fairies to fib it. I wish—"

"Did you ring?" asked a small voice at her elbow.

Violet stared and rubbed her eyes, and stared again; but there it was! A little figure about as long as her finger, in a professor's cap and gown, looking at her with an important air over the top of his spectacles.

"Ring!" repeated Violet.

"The ring on your finger," he explained, "is simply the handle of a bell-pull in the Fairy Academy. My bell, Miss, which, acted upon by your wish, sounds in my study, and calls me at once from Fairy-land. I am the Queen's professor of human nature."

"Of what!"

"Human nature. We study your race precisely as you do crustacea and mammalia. In all ages you have been the subjects of our profound and scientific inquiry, specially the class to which you yourself belong, at once the most difficult and entertaining from the infinite variety you afford, and the impossibility of considering you as under the dominion of any laws except that of contraries. But we waste time," pulling out a watch the size of a dew-drop. "What is your wish?"

"I am anxious to send this package to Ja—Captain Luynes, and I do not choose to tell any one in the house about it, but—"

"Oh; make yourself easy," returned the professor of human nature, with infinite condescension. "In the cause of science you mortals are quite content to dig and butcher. For a new development in my favorite study I am quite willing to perform a menial service."

Now all this Violet might have thought a dream; but as he spoke both ring and letters disappeared. There was no denying that they were gone, and had vanished with him; so doubtless Jack had them already, and would begin now to believe that she was in earnest, and had a mind of her own; which thought so cheered her that she began to cry.

In the midst of this feminine amusement came an airy tap at the door, followed by a vision—an earthly one this time, but a very pretty one, Belle Layton, Violet's best friend.

"I didn't wait, my dear," cried Belle. "I knew you would see me, and I am in such a hurry! There! don't speak! there isn't time. The carriage is waiting, and I want you to get ready now and come and stay a week with me. I have driven here on purpose, and you must come. I have asked ever so many nice people, and among them Jack Luynes of course.

"Won't I torment him?" thought Violet.

"Come, child, call Bessie, and let her pack up your trunk, and be sure you bring that silk; and—oh! *did* I tell you about our boat, and—do hurry—there is a precious child, so that we can get back for lunch."

"I wish that Jack would start before we do," thought Violet. "I should so like to meet him at the door to see what he will do."

Could it be her overheated imagination, or did she really, at that moment, see a Liliputian professor's cap and gown skurrying past her window? She so wondered about it while packing that she scarcely heard Belle's chattering; and when they had reached Layton House and passed the great iron gates, her heart began to beat thick and fast. Should she find him waiting? Would her wish indeed be fulfilled? Some one came down the steps, helped Belle out, and held out a hand to her—Jack Luynes, who had gotten there a few moments before them! Violet barely glanced up, and waved aside the proffered hand with a little airy gesture of contempt; but he placed himself between her and the steps.

"One moment," he said. "Is what you have done this morning the result of pique, or a deliberate conclusion?"

"A conclusion—in every sense."

"You are determined then."

"Quite."

Here Violet heard a low whistle, and there, perched on the tip of her parasol, was the Professor of human nature, note-book in hand, and looking at her in comical wonderment. Jack turned quietly away. Violet ran up stairs in prodigious spirits. She had him now on the rack.

"I wish now," she thought, "that Ottoman Velours may come and make himself as ridiculous about me as usual. Jack always detested him so."

The Professor vanished from the tip of her parasol. Violet went on with her dressing. She rolled back her golden hair, and stuck a little cherry bow jauntily therein because Jack liked it. He fancied, too, a certain blue dress and velvet waistpiece; so she would wear them that day. She knew just what pleased him, so she had him at a disadvantage, and could be at once as irresistible and provoking as she chose. She was sure of finding Ottoman Velours below; for by this time she had full faith in the powers of her ring—and she prepared a little greeting for him beforehand that took that weak youth by storm, and made Jack turn very pale and walk quickly away.

Ottoman was not troubled with sharply-defined ideas; but he thought Violet a very pretty girl, and that Violet and Velours would not sound ill together. He entertained a notion also that in some way young men made themselves indispensable to pretty girls whom they liked, and whose names sounded well with theirs. Violet and he owned few points in common, to be sure, but then she wore studs! He had seen them in those bewildering, white, puffed arrangements of hers, and he had just now the loveliest set! Violet listened graciously, as she would have done had he simply gibbered. The Professor of human nature, perched in her hair, and hard at work with his notebook, did indeed look up occasionally in utter bewilderment and stupefaction; but she was all animation, for Jack was lingering uneasily near them. Presently he turned away and joined Belle Leighton. Violet flagged at once.

"I wish I knew what they are talking about," she thought.

The Professor came up with a jerk from his notebook, and handed her an ear-trumpet about the size of a pea—a small one which she hid away in her little rosy ear.

"What is the matter?" she heard Belle ask. "You and Violet have scarcely spoken, and see how she is flirting with Ottoman Velours!"

"I see."

"Have you quarreled?"

"She has."

"An impossibility. You know the old proverb."

"I was certainly wrong also; but I wished for reconciliation, and she is inexorable."

"What will you do?"

"Nothing."

"Oh yes, you will."

"No, I am firm on that point. Change the subject. You are looking singularly well."

"That is nothing to you."

"Yes, it is a consolation."

"I do not see how."

"I do."

"The wretch!" thought Violet. "I will never make up with him now—never!"

"You said that before," innocently observed the Professor.

"I didn't mean it then."

"Oh!"

"But I do now. I hate him."

Violet was wretched. Jack looked at Belle and talked to her precisely as he had done with her. The implied caress of look and motion, so well understood, yet with which Mrs. Grundy can find no fault, were Belle's now, and every body recognized the flirtation as one in full progress, and Belle treated her coldly. It was plain that she wished her to go away. She had had her will in every particular, and reaped only vexation of spirit.

"I wish I could do something sensible," she cried, "and then be rid of this hateful ring forever."

That very moment she was going down stairs, and making straight for the reading-room, though she knew that Jack was there and alone. He looked at her sternly enough, but she came up to him, holding out both hands, and saying,

"Oh, Jack! please forgive me. I am sorry that I have been so disagreeable, and I do love you; and Jack—I will—I will wear my hair any way that you please."

That was the point in dispute; hence all this woe and nonsense.

When the Professor heard that, "Lord what fools these mortals be!" he cried, shutting up his book with a bang, and disappearing in company with the ring from her finger.

Jack took her to his heart at once. Little pleading and pretty tearful faces are hard things to withstand; yet trust not to them too entirely, fair enslavers. It is not every one that has a fairy godmother to teach her wholesome lessons in time.

JONATHAN TU JOHN.

"Ha, ha, ha! good-by, John."

GOOD-BY, John! yu and I hev parted—
Yu've too leetle staminy, and too much pride;
When thare's trubble ahead yu air too faint-hearted,
Too apt tu pass by on the uther side.
Fur menny a year we hev stood together,
Each with the banner ov "Right" unfurled;
Naow, in a leetle thretning weather,
Yu've pulled yourn daown before awl the world.

Good-by, John! I've given yu warnin'
Agin tryin tu lay up too much pelf:
Ef yu didn't take care, thet you'd wake some morning
And find you'd forgotten tu save yureself!
I hev told you thet honor alone was wuth keepin',
Abuv awl treashures ov silver and gold;
But 'twan't no use—yu wood git tu sleepin',
An' dreamin', ez fokes will; yu've let go your hold.

Good-by, John!—not this hull creashun
Cood fool me ez esy ez some fool yu—
Whoever will cry up the British nashun,
And go in fur a monarchy, yu think'll du.
So daown on yure knees in the dust you'll waller,
And riggle yureself awl raound like an eel,
Jest tu show haow krookid a path yu kan foller—
Haow quick when *yure* skin is tutched yu feel.

Good-by, John! Yu've showed yure hypockracy
A leetle too soon this time, I guess!
Yu've sot too much by yure "aristockracy,"
And got yureself in an awful bad mess.
Yure British Lion, yu've bragged and blustered
Was better'n aour Eagle, ef he *koodn't* fly,
Sort ov kurls daown his tail, and looks dre'fful flustered
When he sees the flag ov Freedom go by.

Good-by, John! Once fur awl, we're strangers—
I sha'n't bow low tu yu in the street.
My present way leads thru sum small dangers,
But *work* ain't awlways the wust foe tu meet.
Tu the Stars and Stripes I've sworn devotion,
I'm pushing forrard by Freedom's side—
It wun't be a grate while, I've a notion,
When the time'll come tu pull daown yure pride.

CHARITY GRIMES.

AGNES SEBASTIAN.

ORMSTED banged together the ledger covers, and looked gloomily out of the broad panes at his left into a small bricked yard three stories below him. His eyes wandered over the tin roof of the next and lower block; then above to the crowd of chimneys; finally to a square yard of white, blinding sky. Then he turned to his friend, who sat in the American attitude, reading the newspaper.

"Did you say you were going to stay in town all through August, Thorpe?"

"What else can I do? I've no heart for pleasuring; as little for fighting, which latter I ought to be doing on one side or the other. Ormsted, I wish I could see my way as clearly as you do."

"So much for my sound political training. You are an aristocrat in taste, I believe, not in principle. But the trouble now is, you are trying too hard to be convinced. Just put it all out of your head and come up to Bancroft with me. You'll come out right."

"Well, I hope so."

"You see, there's father to talk big Senator, and mother and Kate sewing soldiers' shirts—"

"Unanswerable arguments!"

"And you can lie on your back all day under a tree, and get quiet, which seems to be the first point."

"I agree. I dread staying here in this pile of brick and fighting devils."

August had opened in the hottest of breathless days, when the young men drove through the Ormsted avenue of elms, and fastened the horse under the shadiest tree. The road they had been slowly following lay behind them, a white, dazzling line. It was high noon, silent as if, as Göthe says, Pan was asleep, and Nature held her breath for fear of waking him. Oglethorpe followed his friend to the trellised veranda. Two female figures, in rather odd attire, sprang for flight like startled kittens. But Ormsted made a successful foray and captured one.

"It's of no use, Kate; you may as well give us a full view of that costume."

"Why didn't you let us know you were coming, you disagreeable!" cried Kate, laughing and blushing. She was sure her lover would think her pretty in any thing; but that fastidious Mr. Oglethorpe! How could Agnes Sebastian take it so coolly?

"I sent at least six dispatches home. They are all in your useful post-office, I suppose; or father has got 'em in his pocket, perhaps. Never mind. I'm glad. I should never have seen your long-come-short. Upon my word, it's not a bad get-up."

The girls, fancying themselves safe from visitors, had donned light sacks, with short skirts, and had combed their hair behind their ears, fastening it as the Medicean Venus wears hers. Kate was grotesque, but Agnes superb. After a quiet glance Oglethorpe held out his hand.

"Don't say you have forgotten me, Miss Sebastian."

"How do you do, Mr. Oglethorpe?" yielding hers.

"You remember me, then?"

"Perfectly."

"Oh, you know each other!" Kate exclaimed. "That's splendid."

"It is two years since I have seen you," resumed Oglethorpe. "How is the arm? *I* still wear a scar in memory of that night."

Agnes pushed up her wide sleeve and showed a white mark. "It will always last me," said she.

"What in the world—" began Kate, with wonder-stricken eyes, but was interrupted for the moment by the entrance of the father and mother. Under cover of their welcoming the two girls made their escape. Kate began to take out her dresses and lay them out in order for choice.

"Now, Agnes Sebastian, you never told me you knew Oglethorpe."

"I don't think I do."

"Here I've been telling you all sorts of nonsense about him, and you such friends. It's too bad! Don't you ever tell him what I've said."

"Is it likely, even if I'd never met him but once in my life?"

"You must have got on fast. Where was it?"

"At one of Mrs. Livingstone's concerts."

"But about the scar?"

"Curiosity! I was introduced early in the evening, and after the music (we had Coro's band, Kate—*such* music!) we went in to supper. There was a great jam, and he took me into the library to drink coffee. The room was highly decorated—odd arrangements made with glass shades and wax-lights. One of them fell on me. I was burned and cut, and went home."

"What did Oglethorpe do?"

"He tied up my bleeding arm."

"And what else?"

"That's all."

"Yes, I suppose so. The play of Hamlet, with the part of Hamlet left out. I know Will Oglethorpe and you, Agnes, and believe there was something more."

After tea Oglethorpe endeavored to gather up the lost threads of his former acquaintance with Miss Sebastian. He had never forgotten the prettiest figure in the room, with the dress of rose-colored brocade that trailed with a silken swish as she walked. The whole evening had been one of those seasons of delicious sensuous music, musky flower scents, picturesque dressing, and just enough of love approximation to render it piquant. It all flashed back on him as he began to talk to her.

"A pretty woman unsteadies the brain like wine," thought he. "What wonderful eyes she has, and what lovely dark brows!"

In a little while she rose, drawing a feathery shawl over her arm.

"I must say good-night."

"Don't go. It's very early. I want to ask you about Miss Hastings and other friends."

"There is plenty of time. I made a promise to go to bed at nine every night."

"And waste these hours of moonlight? I never saw any thing to surpass this. The river is like a burnished shield."

"I can see it from my window, and the belated schooners coming up as noiseless as genii."

"You can't sleep if you try."

"I can dream then."

"Then I shall. If you go I shall become that intolerable third person singular. See how oblivious they are!"

"They behave very prettily. Good-night."

"Which is your window?"

"On the southwest corner, overlooking the garden."

"I have a mind to serenade you."

"That will be good employment for you; only it is apt to spoil the voice."

"I wonder what has become of Bouverie," the young man said to himself, as he strolled toward the river and left the lovers alone at the farther end of the piazza. Ormsted looked after him.

"Agnes's engagement still continues, I suppose?"

"Dear me, yes. And will for the next ten years I'm afraid."

"What are they waiting for?"

"Oh, for Bouverie to make his fortune! He has been in Italy three years now. Any thing but an artist for a husband, say I!"

"Where are you going?" demanded Oglethorpe with Yankee abruptness, following Miss Sebastian down the garden walk. "May I follow?"

"I am going to see the mowing-machine. You may come."

They crossed freshly-mown lots. The air was full of the indefinite deliciousness of cut grass, odorant with sunlight.

"I thought the haying season was over before this?" remarked her companion.

"This is the last day, I'm sorry to say. It has been one of my chief amusements. I've been in the fields almost as much as the hay-makers."

"I must say the old implements were the most picturesque. The mower and his scythe will soon belong to the past. Maud Muller would have no use for her rake."

"She must ride the machine."

"Wouldn't this scene make a pretty picture? The sky is full of opalescent grays, and just at the edge of those dim hills a line of vivid carmine. The skirting woods, this undulating pasture crossed with shadows, and the busy figures in the fore-

ground. The great cart loaded with hay, oxen of burnt sienna, and John, conspicuous in his bright blue overalls. With the perfect coloring throw over all the luxury of August and the melancholy of sunset."

"The prettiest pictures are unpainted," said Agnes.

"The sweetest songs unsung."

"The noblest poems unwritten."

"All the best things are undone," added Oglethorpe, with a half sigh. "My opinion is," speaking with sudden sincerity, "that it is not the amount of evil we do, but the good we leave undone, that will be our condemnation. I'm afraid it will go hard with me. I never was lukewarm or neutral before in my life. Now when indecision is a crime, I hesitate. Every dear association, every habit of life and education, all questions of apparent expediency pulling me one way, and a sort of innate loyalty impelling the other."

"Are you thinking of the war?" Agnes timidly questioned.

"Yes," he answered shortly, meeting her soft gaze. "Can Maine advise Georgia?"

"I can't advise; I can see but one side, and can not talk reasonably on that. Why don't you talk with Mr. Ormsted?"

"The senior? So I do. Every night after you leave me I have long arguments with him."

"He is said to be clear and convincing."

"Yes, he talks of war and policy in the unheated, broad style of the Lounger. He convicts me, Miss Sebastian, but—" He stopped.

"How fast it grows dim!" said Agnes, willing to turn the conversation. Such a mind as his must work alone, she knew.

"Agnes," said Kate, during one of their curtain consultations, "I'm going to tell the gorgeous Georgian about Gus Bouverie."

"He knew about him long ago," Agnes replied. "But you may make assurance doubly sure."

"If he wasn't such a secessionist I declare I should be quite alarmed about you. Such devotion I never saw equaled. Don't you waver?"

"Don't talk so, Kate. I wish a man and a woman could once honestly like each other without the outsiders giving the alarm and crying love or flirtation."

"If I can read men's faces he is head over heels."

"What an expression! Mr. Ormsted should teach you elegance of language, Kate."

The merry blonde laughed.

"It's true, nevertheless. He looks anxious, and has grown less haughty and sarcastic. What a further taking down there will be may I live to see."

And she ran down stairs.

After tea, when, as usual, all turned to the broad piazza, Agnes seated herself on the lowest step and called the dog. Presently Oglethorpe came along the walk. He coolly ordered Figaro to change sides, and threw himself on the green embankment beside her.

"The pears are turning," remarked Ormsted. "I have got to go without a bite at one."

"And I, too," echoed Oglethorpe, with a glance at the composed face near him.

"I am going to see if there is a yellow one to be found," said Kate. "The trees in the south orchard ought to furnish something." And off she ran, and Ormsted after her.

Miss Sebastian stroked Figaro's ears as he leaned his brown head on her lap. Oglethorpe watched the white fingers. What would he not give to be caressed by them! Senseless old dog! Figaro appreciated the gentle attention, however, and looked up at Agnes, solemnly winking his soft, yellow eyes. Oglethorpe took up the book she had left on the step. She had carried it about with her all summer trying to read; but books did not seem to interest her now. He opened where a broad ribbon, of the red, white, and blue, marked the page.

"The sixty-seventh page still. You don't let your interest hurry you." Then winding the ribbon round his finger: "I have adopted these colors, and mean to fight under them, Miss Sebastian."

Her face was not pale or composed now.

"Have you really?"

"Yes, really."

She took the ribbon to pin it on his coat. He saw tears in her eyes while she smiled. The pin would not go in. He put up his hand to help her, and their fingers touched. He held the little trembling hand still, close to his breast.

"Agnes"—in those delicious tones—"I am your soldier!"

"Not mine. Your country's," gently trying to withdraw her hand.

"You will not let me be yours?"

"I can not. Oh, Mr. Oglethorpe, let me go!"

"Not till you understand me. I must tell you how—"

"Don't tell me any thing."

She trembled so violently she could scarcely command her voice. Oglethorpe saw the shame and grief in her face.

"Tell me this. You are not bound by any past; you do not love any one?"

"I have been engaged these five years. I thought you knew it."

"To Augustus Bouverie?"

"Yes."

He let her hand drop. She covered her face and began to cry silently. He did not speak for a moment. Then said, very gently,

"I thought that was broken."

"It was broken; but only for a week. I was hard beset then, and yielded to the stronger power."

"We shall neither of us feel more sorely if we are frank. As I *have* spoken, let me say a little more. A week ago I wrote to your aunt, asking if there was any reason why I should not try to win you. Here is her answer. You see she tells me nothing, only gives me her warmest wishes for my success."

Agnes's tears were now dried. She scarcely glanced at the letter, but rose.

"She knew I was to marry Mr. Bouverie. You will never be able to forgive this."

Oglethorpe caught hold of her muslin flounce.

"Don't leave me. The only thing, and the best is, to do nothing. Sit down here again, Miss Sebastian. I am going to-morrow."

As if that made the matter better!

She obeyed him, however.

"You don't think I blame *you?* The shade of reserve in your manner, meant to distance, only attracted me. The mischief was done before I wrote to your aunt. The only thing I wished to prevent was annoyance to you; and now you are feeling more than it is all worth."

Agnes did not answer; and not another word was spoken until Ormsted appeared, his pockets stuffed out with fruit, and the lower half of his face obscured by a great yellow disk.

"My pear is ripe," quoth he. When he saw the national badge he took in the significance of its position at once.

"Oh, Jemima!" (his favorite saint) "he's been and gone and done it!" And, giving his pear a toss over the fence, he jumped about three feet into the air, and swooped down on Oglethorpe.

"Now let Georgia tremble," said her son. "I draw my sword against her."

There followed a vigorous hand-shaking.

"You always was the best fellow in the world, and now you're perfect," declared Ormsted.

"The Grand Panjandrum only wanting the little round button at top," suggested his friend.

Ormsted made such an uproar that his mother came out of the dairy, where she was marshaling the milk-pans, and the senior laid down his pipe and came and stood in the doorway.

Kate told them the occasion.

"Hah!" said the old gentleman, with an aspiration long and deep; "I knew you would come out right at last."

"I only wish I could go to war," sighed Ormsted. "If Charlie comes home, see if I don't."

"Three of my boys are enough at a time," said the mother; "and, besides, you had your chance."

"So I did; yet I'm not sure Ames didn't cheat when we drew lots. Now, Thorpe, we shall be the double O's no more!"

In the confusion of good-bys Oglethorpe, as he held Agnes's hand, asked,

"May I come and see you in town?"

"If you please."

"Good-by, then, till October."

"Good-by."

Ormsted came with his friend the first night they heard of Agnes's return. He brought him in the uniform of a private, and grumbled at it during the whole of their call. "Begging your pardon, Miss Agnes, he is as well fitted to hold a commission as Bouverie, who has got a captaincy, I hear."

"Wouldn't you go yourself as a private?" asked Agnes.

"Of course I would; but I'm not worth as much as he. All he had to do was let people know he was going to fight, and honors would have been thrust on him."

Oglethorpe laughed.

"I hope to be promoted from the ranks," said he.

As they left the young lady's presence a side-door opened, and Mrs. Crass, with a distant bow to Ormsted, beckoned to Oglethorpe.

"Wait a minute," said he to his companion, and joined her. She closed the door. "You have not succeeded, I suppose?" was her unexpected remark, made in that half-contemptuous tone in which Mrs. Crass always spoke of the deeds of her fellow-mortals.

"Did you suppose I would?"

"I did, if the girl had any sense. If Bouverie had not appeared so suddenly, I might have done something."

"Mrs. Crass, your niece will break no promise for me. I showed her your letter, and she forgave me for speaking. Good-evening." And he bowed himself out.

"Where has Bouverie been all this while?" he asked of Ormsted on their homeward walk. "Has he, too, just waked up?"

"They say he's been in a fume ever since he heard of Bull Run. He's one of your tearing Abolitionists. Wants to have the niggers shovel South Carolina into the sea. He was making Roman sunsets when the news reached him. He waited to settle his affairs, I believe, to sell his pictures, to get money to come, and made tracks for America. Here he is a captain, and you, Thorpe— I feel inclined to put a little ambition into you with my fists."

When Oglethorpe went again his regiment was in daily expectation of marching-orders. Agnes was sitting at her embroidery. As the servant announced him she rose, all the bright wools in her lap tumbling on the floor. The gentleman in the arm-chair picked them up, and Agnes introduced Captain Bouverie.

"One of our captains," said Oglethorpe, as the soldiers shook hands.

"Ah, you are in the —st," and he sank again into the purple depths of the arm-chair. He was a slight man, with a great deal of flaxen mustache and whisker; light but vivid eyes, a scornful turn to his lip; but altogether a face not displeasing. He played with the browns and scarlets he held, listening as Agnes talked.

"I think I have heard our Colonel speak of you, Mr. Oglethorpe," he interposed. "Are you not a Southerner?"

"Georgian born. Colonel —— and I were schoolmates."

"He was always at the foot of his class, they say. We are well shuffled now, and the most unlooked-for card turns up a trump. How is it you are uncommissioned?"

"I know nothing of war."

"Pshaw! Go into camp and study Hardee. The Colonel spoke of your uncommon talent for modesty. Bad trait that, Aggie," rising; "I shall not come to dinner. It takes your set too long to get through the courses. I'll see you to-morrow."

Agnes nodded as she pulled a thread through the eye of her needle; and with a careless *addio* he flung himself out. That very morrow their orders came. Oglethorpe elbowing his way through the crowd met Bouverie, who stopped.

"Will you do me a great favor?"

"Willingly, if I can."

"I have a packet for Miss Sebastian. I have just left her, and forgot it. You see how it is, I haven't the courage to go through another parting. Will you take it to her?"

The question he had been weighing was now decided. He took the envelope, and in five minutes more Oglethorpe stood in Agnes's presence. He thought her rosier than usual. She was standing near the window, listening to the regimental bands, and turned toward him with eyes in which there were no tears, only the fire of excitement.

"You too?" said she.

He laid Bouverie's charge on the table with the necessary words.

"I should have come if he had not sent me. Won't you give me something of yours to carry away with me?"

A little prayer-book, bearing on its red cover her monogram in white and gold, lay on the table. She held it toward him. As he put it into the inner pocket of his coat he turned to her view a strip of Union ribbon she remembered. Neither looked at the other. He held her hand a moment, dropped it, and silently went out.

If there would only be a battle, at least a forward movement, something to break the horrible monotony of camp-life. The still service of this campaign so preyed on the fortitude of which Oglethorpe had believed himself possessed, that he welcomed his duty of picket with almost a heart-bound. It had been a long dark day, and about four o'clock began to snow. A great white storm it was. The crystals powdered his hair, and lay in silvery folds on his over-coat, as he slowly paced up and down. Very lonely the soldier thought it the first half hour, when the flakes lighted tender as rose-petals. But the fairness gained a gloom. An appalling stillness fell with the darkness. When it grew too cold to snow the wind rose, and assailing the whiteness on the boughs blew it off with giant breath in stinging wreaths. Oglethorpe, soft Southern, shivered. He felt the intensity of the bitter change to the very marrow of his bones. His strength seemed slowly to leave him. He walked on, treading for himself a path beneath the pine-trees, whose shadow lay distinct on the now moonlit snow. He stopped, and leaning on his musket, looked up at the sky. The very air seemed full of icy glittering particles. The most opposite thoughts came into his mind. He seemed to see the Ormsted orchard, where he had seen the sheep cropping the short grass. Then he thought of the great jasmines of Georgia, that used to be crowded into the marble vases in the wide halls of his home. How long it was since he had seen one! Then he could think of nothing but pain, leaning against a stout young pine and clasping his musket. He believed he knew what was coming to him, but there was nothing to be done, and he was soon too deliciously weary to care even for life. Pressing Agnes's little book, he tried to think of a prayer, but his mind wandered,

"I believe in God the Father Almighty, and in Jesus Christ. . . . suffered under Pontius Pilate; was crucified, dead and buried—" An angel may have said Amen.

There was the whiteness in the east foretelling sunrise when the relief came up. Two horsemen rode beside him—the Adjutant and Captain Bouverie.

"Halloa," said the guard, as his challenge rang unanswered, "here's the picket asleep."

"Give him a rap with the gun," suggested Bouverie.

The man stopped. "He is frozen, Sir," in a crest-fallen tone. They turned him over. The faint light fell over features set and white. It seemed a thing of stone. Capt. Bouverie shivered.

"Take hold," said he. "Lay him on my horse. Ride on, Drake, I'll see to this." And he led his burden toward camp.

Many months after this Captain Bouverie was sitting by Agnes Sebastian. He had been giving her the details of Oglethorpe's unnoted doom, summed in the words: "Picket frozen." She had not cried as he feared she would, but had been charmingly quiet, her head on her hand.

"You see, Aggie, I'd seen him here. I couldn't leave him for any body to knock about, so I buried him myself. I sent his things to Ormsted, and this—is yours, is it not? It was in his pocket when we found him."

He laid the prayer-book on her knees. She took it up mechanically and tumbled over the leaves, but was speechless. Captain Bouverie waited.

"Agnes," he said, at length, "I can not leave you without a word or two on my own behalf. This is not the time to speak; but—I am selfish. God knows how or when we may meet again. Our long separation has gone against me. I can not blame you, even had I the wish. There is not a man living more devoted to you than I. Tell me you love me."

"Oh, Augustus," she answered, "that was said long ago."

"Have I outlived it? You believe me to be your warmest, tenderest friend?"

"Oh yes."

"And you will marry me, Agnes?"

She hesitated only a second, then gave him her hand.

And Captain Bouverie was satisfied.

"KING COTTON" CAPTURED.

THE quiet little town of BRASHEAR, on Berwick's Bay—or "Brashear City," as it has been christened by courtesy—which we illustrate on page 380, has suddenly become the scene of vast commercial doings. Those people very much mistake the full scope of Major-General Banks's recent brilliant operations in the Attakapas region of Western Louisiana who look upon them merely as among the most successful military events of the war. It is in their *material* results that they are about to gratify the country and startle the world.

General Banks, aided by the gallant Farragut, has not only disorganized and put to flight the whole rebel army west of the Mississippi River, from New Orleans to Alexandria, on the Red River, but opened up untold mines of wealth to the treasury of the United States. Almost hourly vessels are to be seen coming down the bay freighted with mountain loads of the precious materials of the regions just regained by our arms—cotton, hogsheads of sugar, and countless herds of mules and cattle.

The treasures already discharged upon the landing of Brashear City up to this date (May 11) would amount to many hundred thousands of dollars; while this is but an installment of what remains behind, and which can only be counted by *millions* of dollars.

One significant fact has also been laid bare to the outer world by the probing process of our bayonets; and that is, that the planters in the newly-overrun regions had not the amount of "patriotism" which the rebel leaders either supposed or pretended they had—and which too many people in the North and abroad believed—and did not quite see the necessity of consigning to flames all the wealth they possessed in the world, merely for the sake of proving their devotion to the cause of Jeff Davis & Co.

Wherever our armies have penetrated they have found cotton and sugar carefully concealed in all sorts of remote corners; and as they seize these costly products a receipt is given to the owners, upon a fair valuation, in case they should hereafter be able to prove themselves of loyal antecedents, the *onus probandi* being entirely on the planter.

If any thing more were wanted to utterly overthrow the value of Confederate credit, and to prove to the gulled people of Europe that they have been making a bad bargain with traitors in this country, it will be found in Uncle Sam's so unceremoniously holding the very materials upon which the lenders have been staking their money. What Confederate credit was worth previous to this new and irreparable inroad upon it may be gleaned from the fact that our soldiers, in parley with rebel pickets, could at any time have received *ten dollars* of Confederate trash for *one dollar* of Uncle Sam's good, honest greenbacks!

SINKING TORPEDOES AT CHARLESTON.

WE are indebted to the artist correspondent of a London illustrated paper for the picture on page 380, representing THE SINKING OF TORPEDOES BY MOONLIGHT IN THE HARBOR OF CHARLESTON. It seems that before the recent attack by Admiral Du Pont the rebel General Ripley spent several nights in filling the channel-way of the harbor with all manner of torpedoes and infernal machines, and on one of his expeditions the sympathizing Englishman was allowed to accompany him. Hence the picture.

UNION PRISONERS AT THE SOUTH.

WE publish on page 373 an illustration of a group of captured Union soldiers being conveyed through a rebel town. The mingled curiosity and hatred with which they are regarded by some of the spectators, and the half-disguised sympathy shown them by others, especially the negroes, are well portrayed in the picture. We append here, not so much in explanation of the picture as for the general interest felt in the subject, a few extracts from the diary of Mr. Colburn, a *World* correspondent, who was taken at Vicksburg and released from Richmond. After leaving Jackson, he says:

Nowhere were we the subjects of any personal or special indignities, and we traveled with about ninety others. Offensive remarks and conduct unbecoming either ladies or gentlemen have, we hear, been offered, but not in our hearing. Many expressions of kindness greeted us from those who had knowledge of our story or our relation to them. A few ventured to express their confidence in the ultimate success of the North.

As we progressed to M'Dowell's Landing and Demopolis, on the Tombigbee, the people began to be at once more curious and more friendly. At the latter place some lady of great heart distributed fruit and bread indiscriminately among our men and their rebel escort.

* * * * * * *

On reaching Atlanta, however, all this was changed. The officers and men of Streight and the *Indianola* had been so fêted and well treated by the people as to breed the most intense disgust among the authorities and hot-headed fanatics. We were placed in a room in the military prison, deprived of papers, and prohibited conversation with outsiders. We sent out for papers, and one note was passed into the hands of a scurrilous fellow whose reputation has not been bettered since his exit from Vermont, the editor of the *Confederacy*, who thereupon penned an article exposing the infamous atrocity of our offense, and urged that we be hanged, offering to assist at the interesting ceremony.

Of the Libby Prison at Richmond he writes:

On entering we are searched, our money taken for safety, and all articles contraband of war confiscated. As we came into the Confederacy almost nude we passed easily. Once domiciled in the long room under the roof, a classification takes place into messes. The individuality of our party of four was merged into No. 14, and thereafter, for all the purposes of rations, discipline, or duty, we were only No. 14. Each mess draws and prepares its own food, which, in our case, was a veritable "mess" in a "mess." We can not but deem this obligation to cook one's own food in prison as an indignity. Such a thing may do well enough for an amateur in a well-appointed *cuisine*, or even in the tented field, but with such implements as are afforded at the Libby it is an outright torture. We had no beds—this *hard*ship was one we were inured to by camp life; but little bedding. We had to clean our own rooms and vessels, and were not permitted so much as to stick a head out of the window on penalty of being shot.

The ration is large enough, larger than that furnished to the Confederates of the same rank. We can not but think it a punishment that persons are obliged to cook with wretched implements their own food. Imagine a national colonel with his hands in the dough, the dainty staff-officer detailed to clean pots and kettles, or the delicate *Tribune* correspondent, broom in hand, set to scrubbing floors!

MAJOR-GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT BEFORE VICKSBURG.—[See Page 369.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

VERY HARD CASH.

BY CHARLES READE, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," ETC.

With Original Illustrations.

Printed from the Manuscript and Proof-sheets purchased by the prietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XII.

AMONG the curiosities of human reasoning is this: one forms a judgment on certain statements; they turn out incorrect, yet the judgment sound.

This occurs oftenest, when, to divine what any known person will do in a case stated, we go boldly by his character, his habits, or his interest: for these are great forces, toward which men gravitate through various and even contrary circumstances.

Now women, sitting at home out of detail's way, are somewhat forced, as well as naturally inclined, to rely on their insight into character; and, by this broad clew, often pass through false or discolored data to a sound calculation.

Thus it was Mrs. Dodd applied her native sagacity to divine why Richard Hardie declined Julia for his son's wife, and how to make him withdraw that dissent: and the fair diviner was much mistaken in detail, but right in her conclusion; for Richard Hardie *was* at that moment the unlikeliest man in Barkington to decline Julia Dodd—with hard cash in five figures—for his daughter-in-law.

I am now about to make a revelation to the reader, that will incidentally lead him to Mrs. Dodd's conclusion, but by a different path.

The outline she gave her daughter and my reader of Richard Hardie's cold and prudent youth was substantially correct; but something had occurred since then, unknown to her, unknown to all Barkington. The centuries had blown a respectable bubble. About two hundred and fifty years ago, some genius, as unknown as the inventor of the lathe, laid the first wooden tramroad, to enable a horse to draw forty-two cwt. instead of seventeen. The coal-owners soon used it largely. In 1738, iron rails were invented; but prejudice, stronger than that metal, kept them down, and the wooden ones in vogue, for some thirty years. Then iron prevailed.

Meantime, a much greater invention had been creeping on to join the metal way; I mean the locomotive power of steam; whose history is not needed here. Enough that in 1804 took place as promising a wedding as civilization ever saw; for then an engine, built by Trevethick, a great genius frittered for want of pluck, drew carriages, laden with ten tons, five miles an hour on a Welsh railway. Then stout Stephenson came on the scene, and insisted on benefiting mankind in spite of themselves, and of shallow legislators, à priori reasoners, and a heavy Review, whose political motto was "Stemus super antiquas vias;" which may be rendered, "Better stand still on turnpikes than move on rails."

His torments and triumph are history.

Two of his repartees seem neat: 1. To Lord Noodle, or Lord Doodle, which was it? objecting haughtily, "and suppose a cow should get in the way of your engine, Sir?" he replied, "Why, then it would be bad—for the coow." The objector found he had overrated the obstructive power of his honored parent.

2. To the à priori reasoners, who sat in their studies and demonstrated with complete unanimity that uncogged wheels would revolve on a smooth rail, but leave the carriage in statu quo, he replied by building an engine with Lord Ravensworth's noble aid, hooking on eight carriages, and rattling off up an incline. "Solvitur ambulando," quoth Stephenson the stout-hearted to Messrs. A Priori.

Next a coach ran on the Stockton and Darlington rail. Next the Liverpool and Manchester line was projected. Oh then what bitter opposition to the national benefactors, and the good of man.

Awake from the tomb echoes of dead Cant!

"The revolving wheels might move the engine on a rail; but what would that avail if they could not move them in the closet, and on a mathematical paper. Railways would be bad for canals, bad for morals, bad for highwaymen, bad for road-side inns: the smoke would kill the partridges ('Aha! thou has touched us nearly,' said the country gentlemen), the travelers would go slowly to their destination, but swift to destruction."

And the Heavy Review, whose motto was "Stemus super turnpikes," offered "to back old Father Thames against the Woolwich railway for any sum." And Black Will, who drove the next heaviest ephemeral in the island, told a school-boy, who now writes these pages, "there's nothing can ever be safe at twenty miles an hour, without 'tis a bird in the air:" and confirmed it with an oath. Briefly, buzz! buzz! buzz!

Gray was crushed, Trevethick driven out of the country, stout Steevie thwarted, badgered, taunted, and even insulted, and bespattered with dirt, I might say with dung; since his opponents discharged their own brains at him by speech and writing. At last, when after the manner of men they had manured their benefactor well, they consented to reap him. Railways prevailed, and increased, till lo and behold a prime minister with a spade delving one in the valley of the Trent. The tide turned; good working railways from city to city became an approved investment of genuine capital; notwithstanding the frightful frauds and extortion to which the projectors were exposed in a parliament, which, under a new temptation, showed itself as corrupt and greedy as any nation or age can parallel.

When this sober state of things had endured some time, there came a year that money was loose, and a speculative fever due in the whirligig of time. Then railways bubbled.

New ones were advertised, fifty a month, and all went to a premium. High and low scrambled for the shares, even when the projected line was to run from the town of Nought to the village of Nothing across a goose common. The flame spread, fanned by prospectus and advertisement, those mines of glowing fiction, compared with which the legitimate article is a mere tissue of understatements; Princes sat in railway tenders, and clove the air like the birds whose effigies surmount their armorials; some stiffish Peers relaxed into Boards; Bishops warned their clergy against avarice, and buttered Hudson an inch thick for shares; and turned their little aprons into great pockets; men, stainless hitherto, put down their infants, nurses included, as independent subscribers, and bagged the coupons, capturi tartaros: nearly every thing that had a name, and, by some immense fortuity, could write it, demanded its part in the new and fathomless source of wealth: a char-woman's two sons were living in a garret on fifteen shillings a piece per week; down went their excellencies' names for £37,000 worth of bubbling iron; another shareholder applied imperiously from a house in Grosvenor Square; he had breakfasted on the steps. Once more, in Time's whirligig, gentlemen and their footmen jostled one another on the exchange, and a motley crew of peers and printers, vicars and admirals, professors, cooks, coster-mongers, cotton-spinners, waiters, coachmen, priests, pot-boys, bankers, braziers, dairymen, mail-guards, barristers, spinsters, butchers, beggars, duchesses, rag-merchants; in one word, of Nobs and Snobs; fought and scrambled pell-mell for the popular paper; and all to get rich in a day.*

Richard Hardie had some money in existing railways; but he declined to invest his hard cash upon hypotheticals. He was repeatedly solicited to be a director; but always declined. Once he was offered a canny bribe of a thousand pounds to let his name go on a provisional committee. He refused with a characteristic remark; "I never buy any merchandise at a fancy price, not even hard cash."

Antidote to the universal mania, Barkington had this one wet blanket: an unpopular institution; but far more salutary than a damp sheet; especially in time of Bubble.

Nearly all his customers consulted Richard Hardie, and this was the substance of his replies: "The Bubbles of History, including the great one of my youth, were national, as well as individual, follies. It is not so now; the railways, that ruin their allottees and directors, will be pure additions to the national property, and some day remove one barrier more from commerce. The Dutch tulip frenzy went on a petty fancy; the Railway fury goes on a great fact. Our predecessors blew mere soap bubbles; we blow an iron bubble: but here the distinction ends; in 1825 the country undertook immediate engagements, to fulfill which a century's income would not have sufficed: to-day a thousand railway companies are registered, requiring a capital of six hundred million; and another thousand projected, to cost another five hundred million. Where is the money to come from? If the world was both cultivated and civilized (instead of neither), and this nation could be sold, with every building, ship, quadruped, jewel, and marketable female in it, it would not fetch the money to make these railways: yet the country undertakes to create them in three years *with its floating capital.* Arithmetic of Bedlam! The thing can not last a year without collapsing."

Richard Hardie talked like this from first to last.

But, when he saw that shares invariably mounted; that even those who, for want of interest, had to buy them at a premium, sold them at a profit; when he saw paupers making large fortunes in a few months, by buying into every venture and selling the next week; he itched for his share of the booty, and determined to profit in act by the credulity of mankind as well as expose it in words. He made use of his large connections to purchase shares; which he took care to part with speedily; he cleared a good deal of money; and that made him hungrier: he went deeper and deeper into what he called Flat catching, till one day he stood to win thirty thousand pounds at a coup.

But it is dangerous to be a convert, real or false, to Bubble: the game is to be rash at once, and turn prudent at the full tide. When Richard Hardie was up to his chin in these time bargains, came an incident not easy to foresee: the conductors of the *Times*, either from patriotism, or long-sighted policy, punctured the bladder, though they were making thousands weekly by the railway advertisements. The time was so well chosen, and the pin applied, that it was a death-blow; shares declined from that morning, and the inevitable panic was advanced a week or two. The more credulous speculators held on in hopes of a revival; but Hardie, who knew that the collapse had been merely hastened, saw the gravity of the situation, and sold largely at a heavy loss. But he could not sell all the bad paper he had accumulated for a temporary purpose; the panic came too swiftly, and too strong; soon there were no buyers at any price. The biter was bit: the fox who had said "this is a trap; I'll lightly come and lightly go," was caught by the light fantastic toe. In this emergency he showed high qualities; vast financial ability, great fortitude, and that sense of commercial honor, which Mrs. Dodd justly called his semichivalrous sentiment. He mustered all his private resources to meet his engagements, and maintain his high position.

* For the humors of the time see the parliamentary return of Railway Subscribers, published 1846: Francis's British Railway: Evans's Commercial Crisis: and the pamphlets and journals of the day.

Then commenced a long and steady struggle, conducted with a Spartan dignity and self-command, and a countenance as close as wax. Little did any he in Barkington guess the doubts and fears, the hopes and despondencies, which agitated and tore the heart and brain that schemed, and throbbed, and glowed, and sickened by turns, beneath that steady modulated exterior. And so for months and months he secretly battled with insolvency; sometimes it threatened in the distance, sometimes at hand, but never caught him unawares; he provided for each coming danger, he encountered each immediate attack.

But not unscathed in morals. Just as matters looked brighter came a concentration of liabilities he could not meet without emptying his tills, and so incurring the most frightful danger of all. He had provided for its coming, too; but a decline, greater than he had reckoned on, in the value of his good securities, made that provision inadequate. Then it was he committed a faux pas. He was one of his own children's trustees, and the other two signed after him like machines. He said to himself: "My honor is my children's; my position is worth thousands *to them.* I have sacrificed a fortune to preserve it: it would be madness to recoil now."

He borrowed three thousand pounds of the trust money, and, soon after, two thousand more: it kept him above water; but the peril, and the escape on such terms, left him gasping inwardly.

At last, when even his granite nature was almost worn down with labor, anxiety, and struggling all alone without a word of comfort—for the price of one grain of sympathy would have been "Destruction"—he shuffled off his iron burden, and breathed again.

One day he spent in a sort of pleasing lethargy, like a strong swimmer who, long and sore buffeted by the waves, has reached the shore at last.

The next day his cashier, a sharp-visaged, bald-headed old man called Young Skinner, invited his attention rather significantly to the high amount of certain balances compared with the cash at his (Skinner's) disposal.

"Indeed!" said Hardie, quietly; "that must be regulated." He added, graciously, as if conferring a great favor, "I'll look into the books myself, Skinner."

He did more; he sat up all night over the books; and his heart died within him. Bankruptcy seemed coming toward him, slow perhaps, but sure. And meantime to live with the sword hanging over him by a hair!

Soon matters approached a crisis; several large drafts were drawn, which would have cleaned the bank out, but that the yearly rents of a wealthy nobleman had for some days past been flowing in.

This nobleman had gone to explore Syria and Assyria. He was a great traveler, who contrived to live up to his income at home, but had never been able to spend a quarter of it abroad, for want of enemies and masters—better known as friends and servants—to help him. So Hardie was safe for some months, unless there should be an extraordinary run on him, and that was not likely this year; the panic had subsided, and, nota bene, his credit had never stood higher. The reason was, he had been double-faced; had always spoken against Railways: and his wise words were public, whereas his fatal acts had been done in the dark.

And now came a change, a bitter revulsion, over this tossed mind; hope and patience failed at last, and his virtue, being a thing of habit and traditions, rather than of the soul, wore out; nay, more, this man who had sacrificed so nobly to commercial integrity, filled with hate of his idol and contempt of himself. "Idiot!" said he, "to throw away a fortune fighting for honor—a greater bubble than that which has ruined me—instead of breaking like a man, with a hidden purse, and starting fair again, as sensible traders do."

No honest man in the country that year repented of his vices so sincerely as Richard Hardie loathed his virtue. And he did not confine his penitence to sentiment; he began to spend his days at the bank poring over the books, and to lay out his arithmetical genius in a subtle process, that should enable him by degrees to withdraw a few thousands from human eyes for his future use, despite the feeble safeguards of the existing law. In other words, Richard Hardie, like thousands before him, was fabricating and maturing a false balance-sheet.

One man in his time plays many animals. Hardie, at this period, turned mole. He burrowed darkling into æs alienum. There is often one of these sleek miners in a Bank: it is a section of human zoology the journals have lately enlarged on, and drawn the painstaking creature grubbing and mining away to brief opulence; and briefer penal servitude than one could wish. I rely on my reader having read these really able sketches of my contemporaries; and spare him minute details, that possess scarcely a new feature, except one: in that Bank was not only a mole, but a mole-catcher: and, contrary to custom, the mole was the master, the mole-catcher the servant. The latter had no hostile views; far from it: he was rather attached to his master: but his attention was roused by the youngest clerk, a boy of sixteen, being so often sent for into the Bank parlor, to copy into the books some arithmetical result, without its process. Attention soon became suspicion; and suspicion found many little things to feed on, till it grew to certainty. But the outer world was none the wiser: the mole-catcher was no chatter-box; he was a solitary man: no wife nor mistress about him; and he revered the mole, and liked him better than any thing in the world—*except money.*

Thus the great Banker stood, a colossus of wealth and stability to the eye, though ready to crumble at a touch; and indeed self-doomed; for bankruptcy was now his game.

This was a miserable man; far more miserable than his son whose happiness he had thwarted: his face was furrowed and his hair thinned by secret struggle: and of all the things that gnawed him, like the fox, beneath his Spartan robe, none was more bitter than to have borrowed five thousand pounds of his children, and sunk it.

His wife's father, a keen man of business, who saw there was little affection on his side, had settled his daughter's money on her for life, and, in case of her death, on the children upon coming of age. The marriage of Alfred or Jane would be sure to expose him; settlements would be proposed; lawyers engaged to peer into the trust, etc. No; they *must* remain single for the present, or else marry wealth.

So, when his son announced an attachment to a young lady living in a suburban villa, it was a terrible blow, though he took it with outward calm, as usual. But if, instead of prating about beauty, virtue, and breeding, Alfred had told him hard cash in five figures could be settled by the bride's family on the young couple, he would have welcomed the wedding with great external indifference, but a secret gush of joy; for then he could throw himself on Alfred's generosity, and be released from that one corroding debt; perhaps allowed to go on drawing the interest of the remainder.

Thus, in reality, all the interests, with which this story deals, converged in one point; the fourteen thousand pounds. Richard Hardie's opposition was a mere misunderstanding; and, if he had been told of the Cash, and to what purpose Mrs. Dodd destined It, and then put on board the *Agra* in the Straits of Gaspar, he would have calmly taken off his coat, and helped defend the bearer of It against all assailants as stoutly, and, to all appearance, imperturbably, as he had fought that other bitter battle at home. For there was something heroic in this erring man; though his rectitude depended on circumstances.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE way the pirate dropped the mask, showed his black teeth, and bore up in chase, was terrible: so dilates and bounds the sudden tiger on his unwary prey. There were stout hearts among the officers of the peaceable *Agra;* but danger in a new form shakes the brave; and this was their first pirate: their dismay broke out in ejaculations not loud but deep. "Hush!" said Dodd, doggedly; "the lady!"

Mrs. Beresford had just come on deck to enjoy the balmy morning.

"Sharpe," said Dodd, in a tone that conveyed no suspicion to the new-comer, "set the royals, and flying jib.—Port!"

"Port it is," cried the man at the helm.

"Steer due South!" And, with these words in his mouth, Dodd dived to the gun deck.

By this time elastic Sharpe had recovered the first shock; and the order to crowd sail on the ship galled his pride and his manhood; he muttered, indignantly, "The white feather!" This eased his mind, and he obeyed orders briskly as ever. While he and his hands were setting every rag the ship could carry on that tack, the other officers, having unluckily no orders to execute, stood gloomy and helpless, with their eyes glued, by a sort of sombre fascination, on that coming fate: and they literally jumped and jarred, when Mrs. Beresford, her heart opened by the lovely day, broke in on their nerves with her light treble.

"What a sweet morning, gentlemen. After all a voyage is a delightful thing: oh, what a splendid sea! and the very breeze is warm. Ah, and there's a little ship sailing along: here, Freddy, Freddy darling, leave off beating the sailors' legs, and come here and see this pretty ship. What a pity it is so far off. Ah! ah! what is that dreadful noise?"

For her horrible small talk, that grated on those anxious souls like the mockery of some infantine fiend, was cut short by ponderous blows and tremendous smashing below. It was the captain staving in water-casks: the water poured out at the scuppers.

"Clearing the lee guns," said a middy, off his guard.

Colonel Kenealy pricked up his ears, drew his cigar from his mouth, and smelt powder. "What, for action?" said he, briskly. "Where's the enemy?"

Fullalove made him a signal and they went below.

Mrs. Beresford had not heard, or not appreciated the remark: she prattled on till she made the mates and midshipmen shudder.

Realize the situation, and the strange incongruity between the senses and the mind in these poor fellows! The day had ripened its beauty; beneath a purple heaven shone, sparkled, and laughed, a blue sea, in whose waves the tropical sun seemed to have fused his beams; and beneath that fair, sinless, peaceful sky, wafted by a balmy breeze over those smiling, transparent golden waves, a blood-thirsty Pirate bore down on them with a crew of human tigers; and a lady babble babble babble babble babble babble babbled in their quivering ears.

But now the captain came bustling on deck, eyed the loftier sails, saw they were drawing well, appointed four midshipmen a staff to con-

vey his orders; gave Bayliss charge of the carronades, Grey of the cutlasses, and directed Mr. Tickell to break the bad news gently to Mrs. Beresford, and to take her below to the orlop deck; ordered the purser to serve out beef, biscuit, and grog to all hands, saying, "Men can't work on an empty stomach; and fighting is hard work;" then beckoned the officers to come round him. "Gentlemen," said he, confidentially, "in crowding sail on this ship I had no hope of escaping that fellow on this tack, but I was, and am, most anxious to gain the open sea, where I can square my yards and run for it, if I see a chance. At present I shall carry on till he comes up within range: and then, to keep the Company's canvas from being shot to rags, I shall shorten sail; and to save ship and cargo and all our lives, I shall fight while a plank of her swims. Better be killed in hot blood than walk the plank in cold."

The officers cheered faintly; the captain's dogged resolution stirred up theirs.

The pirate had gained another quarter of a mile and more. The ship's crew were hard at their beef and grog, and agreed among themselves it was a comfortable ship; they guessed what was coming, and woe to the ship in that hour if the captain had not won their respect. Strange to say, there were two gentlemen in the *Agra* to whom the pirate's approach was not altogether unwelcome. Colonel Kenealy and Mr. Fullalove were rival sportsmen; and rival theorists. Kenealy stood out for a smooth bore, and a four-ounce ball; Fullalove for a rifle of his own construction. Many a doughty argument they had, and many a bragging match; neither could convert the other. At last Fullalove hinted that by going ashore at the Cape, and getting each behind a tree at one hundred yards, and popping at one another, one or other would be convinced.

"Well, but," said Kenealy, "if he is dead, he will be no wiser; besides to a fellow like me, who has had the luxury of popping at his enemies, popping at a friend is poor insipid work."

"That is true," said the other, regretfully. "But I reckon we shall never settle it by argument."

Theorists are amazing creatures: and it was plain, by the alacrity with which these good creatures loaded the rival instruments, that to them the pirate came not so much as a pirate as a solution. Indeed, Kenealy, in the act of charging his piece, was heard to mutter, "Now, this is lucky." However, these theorists were no sooner loaded, than something occurred to make them more serious. They were sent for in haste to Dodd's cabin; they found him giving Sharpe a new order.

"Shorten sail to the taupsles and jib, get the colors ready on the halliards, and then send the men aft!"

Sharpe ran out full of zeal, and tumbled over Ramgolam, who was stooping remarkably near the keyhole. Dodd hastily bolted the cabin door, and looked with trembling lip and piteous earnestness in Kenealy's face and Fullalove's. They were mute with surprise at a gaze so eloquent yet mysterious.

He manned himself, and opened his mind to them with deep emotion, yet not without a certain simple dignity.

"Colonel," said he, "you are an old friend; *you*, Sir, are a new one; but I esteem you highly, and what my young gentlemen chaff you about, you calling all men brothers, and making that poor negro love you, instead of fear you, that shows me you have a great heart. My dear friends, I have been unlucky enough to bring my children's fortune on board this ship: here it is, under my shirt. Fourteen thousand pounds! This weighs me down. Oh, if they should lose it after all! Do pray give me a hand apiece, and pledge your sacred words to take it home safe to my wife at Barkington, if you, or either of you, should see this bright sun set to-day, and I should not."

"Why Dodd, old fellow," said Kenealy, cheerfully, "this is not the way to go into action."

"Colonel," replied Dodd, "to save this ship and cargo, I must be wherever the bullets are; and I will, too."

Fullalove more sagacious than the worthy colonel, said earnestly: "Captain Dodd, may I never see Broadway again, and never see Heaven at the end of my time, if I fail you! There's my hand."

"And mine," said Kenealy, warmly.

They all three joined hands, and Dodd seemed to cling to them.

"God bless you both! God bless you! Oh, what a weight your true hands have pulled off my heart. Good-by for a few minutes. The time is short. I'll just offer a prayer to the Almighty for wisdom, and then I'll come up and say a word to the men, and fight the ship according to my lights."

Sail was no sooner shortened, and the crew ranged, than the captain came briskly on deck, saluted, jumped on a carronade, and stood erect. He was not the man to show the crew his forebodings.

(Pipe.) "Silence fore and aft."

"My men, the schooner coming up on our weather quarter is a Portuguese pirate. His character is known; he scuttles all the ships he boards, dishonors the women, and murders the crew. We cracked on to get out of the narrows, and now we have shortened sail to fight this blackguard, and teach him to molest a British ship. I promise, in the Company's name, twenty pounds prize-money to every man before the mast if we beat him off or outmanœuvre him; thirty if we sink him; and forty if we tow him astern into a friendly port. Eight guns are clear below, three on the weather side, five on the lee; for, if he knows his business, he will come up on the lee quarter; if he doesn't, that is no fault of yours or mine. The muskets are all loaded, the cutlasses ground like razors—"

"Hurrah!"

"We have got women to defend—"

"Hurrah!"

"A good ship under our feet, the God of justice overhead, British hearts in our bosoms, and British colors flying—run 'em up!—over our heads." (The ship's colors flew up to the fore, and the Union Jack to the mizen peak.) "Now, lads, I mean to fight this ship while a plank of her (stamping on the deck) swims beneath my foot, and—WHAT DO YOU SAY?"

The reply was a fierce "hurrah!" from a hundred throats, so loud, so deep, so full of volume, it made the ship vibrate, and rang in the creeping on pirate's ears. Fierce, but cunning, he saw mischief in those shortened sails, and that Union Jack, the terror of his tribe, rising to a British cheer; he lowered his mainsail, and crawled up on the weather quarter. Arrived within a cable's length, he double reefed his foresail to reduce his rate of sailing nearly to that of the ship; and the next moment a tongue of flame, and then a gush of smoke, issued from his lee bow, and the ball flew screaming like a sea-gull over the *Agra's* mizzen top. He then put his helm up, and fired his other bow-chaser, and sent the shot hissing and skipping on the water past the ship. This prologue made the novices wince. Bayliss wanted to reply with a carronade; but Dodd forbade him sternly, saying, "If we keep him aloof we are done for."

The pirate drew nearer, and fired both guns in succession, hulled the *Agra* amidships, and sent an eighteen-pound ball through her foresail. Most of the faces were pale on the quarter-deck; it was very trying to be shot at, and hit, and make no return. The next double discharge sent one shot smash through the stern cabin window, and splintered the bulwark with another, wounding a seaman slightly.

"LIE DOWN FORWARD!" shouted Dodd through his trumpet. "Bayliss, give him a shot."

The carronade was fired with a tremendous report, but no visible effect. The pirate crept nearer, steering in and out like a snake to avoid the carronades, and firing those two heavy guns alternately into the devoted ship. He hulled the *Agra* now nearly every shot.

The two available carronades replied noisily, and jumped, as usual; they sent one thirty-two-pound shot clean through the schooner's deck and side; but that was literally all they did worth speaking of.

"Curse them!" cried Dodd; "load them with grape! they are not to be trusted with ball. And all my eighteen-pounders dumb! The coward won't come alongside and give them a chance."

At the next discharge the pirate chipped the mizzen-mast, and knocked a sailor into dead pieces on the forecastle. Dodd put his helm down ere the smoke cleared, and got three carronades to bear, heavily laden with grape. Several pirates fell, dead or wounded, on the crowded deck, and some holes appeared in the foresail; this one interchange was quite in favor of the ship.

But the lesson made the enemy more cautious; he crept nearer, but steered so adroitly, now right astern, now on the quarter, that the ship could seldom bring more than one carronade to bear, while he raked her fore and aft with grape and ball.

In this alarming situation, Dodd kept as many of the men below as possible; but, for all he could do, four were killed and seven wounded.

Fullalove's word came too true: it was the sword-fish and the whale: it was a fight of hammer and anvil; one hit, the other made a noise. Cautious and cruel, the pirate hung on the poor hulking creature's quarters and raked her at point-blank distance. He made her pass a bitter time. And her captain! To see the splintering hull, the parting shrouds, the shivered gear, and hear the shrieks and groans of his wounded; and he unable to reply in kind! The sweat of agony poured down his face. Oh, if he could but reach the open sea, and square his yards, and make a long chase of it; perhaps fall in with aid. Wincing under each heavy blow, he crept doggedly, patiently, on, toward that one visible hope.

At last, when the ship was cloved with shot, and peppered with grape, the channel opened: in five minutes more he could put her dead before the wind.

No. The pirate, on whose side luck had been from the first, got half a broadside to bear at long musket shot, killed a midshipman by Dodd's side, cut away two of the *Agra's* mizzen shrouds, wounded the gaff; and cut the jib-stay; down fell that powerful sail into the water, and dragged across the ship's forefoot, stopping her way to the open sea she panted for; the mates groaned; the crew cheered stoutly, as British tars do in any great disaster; the pirates yelled with ferocious triumph, like the devils they looked.

But most human events, even calamities, have two sides. The *Agra* being brought almost to a stand-still, the pirate forged ahead against his will, and the combat took a new and terrible form. The elephant-gun popped, and the rifle cracked, in the *Agra's* mizzen-top, and the man at the pirate's helm jumped into the air and fell dead: both Theorists claimed him. Then the three carronades peppered him hotly; and he hurled an iron shower back with fatal effect. Then at last the long 18-pounders on the gun-deck got a word in. The old Niler was not the man to miss a vessel alongside in a quiet sea; he sent two round shot clean through him; the third splintered his bulwark, and swept across his deck.

"His masts! fire at his masts!" roared Dodd to Monk, through his trumpet; he then got the jib clear, and made what sail he could without taking all the hands from the guns.

This kept the vessels nearly alongside a few minutes, and the fight was hot as fire. The pirate now for the first time hoisted his flag. It was black as ink. His crew yelled as it rose: the Britons, instead of quailing, cheered with fierce derision; the pirate's wild crew of yellow Malays, black chinless Papuans, and bronzed Portuguese, served their side guns, 12-pounders, well and with ferocious cries; the white Britons, drunk with battle now, naked to the waist, grimed with powder, and spotted like leopards with blood, their own and their mates, replied with loud undaunted cheers, and deadly hail of grape from the quarter-deck; while the master-gunner and his mates loading with a rapidity the mixed races opposed could not rival, hulled the schooner well between wind and water, and then fired chain-shot at her masts, as ordered, and began to play the mischief with her shrouds and rigging. Meantime Fullalove and Kenealy, aided by Vespasian, who loaded, were quietly butchering the pirate crew two a minute, and hoped to settle the question they were fighting for; smooth bore *v.* rifle: but unluckily neither fired once without killing; so "there was nothing proven."

The pirate, bold as he was, got sick of fair fighting first; he hoisted his mainsail and drew rapidly ahead, with a slight bearing to windward, and dismounted a carronade and stove in the ship's quarter-boat, by way of a parting kick.

The men hurled a contemptuous cheer after him; they thought they had beaten him off. But Dodd knew better. He was but retiring a little way to make a more deadly attack than ever: he would soon wear, and cross the *Agra's* defenseless bows, to rake her fore and aft at pistol-shot distance; or grapple and board the enfeebled ship two hundred strong.

Dodd flew to the helm, and with his own hands put it hard a weather, to give the deck guns one more chance, the last, of sinking or disabling the Destroyer. As the ship obeyed, and a deck gun bellowed below him, he saw a vessel running out from Long Island, and coming swiftly up on his lee quarter.

It was a schooner. Was she coming to his aid?

Horror! A black flag floated from her foremast head.

While Dodd's eyes were staring almost out of his head at this death-blow to hope, Monk fired again; and just then a pale face came close to Dodd's, and solemn voice whispered in his ear: "*Our ammunition is nearly done!*" It was the first mate.

Dodd seized his hand convulsively, and pointed to the pirate's consort coming up to finish them: and said, with the calm of a brave man's despair, "Cutlasses! and die hard!"

At that moment the master gunner fired his last gun. It sent a chain-shot on board the retiring pirate, took off a Portuguese head and spun it clean into the sea ever so far to windward, and cut the schooner's foremast so nearly through that it trembled and nodded, and presently snapped with a loud crack, and came down like a broken tree, with the yard and sail; the latter overlapping the deck and burying itself black flag and all in the sea; and there, in one moment, lay the Destroyer buffeting and wriggling—like a heron on the water with his long wing broken—an utter cripple.

The victorious crew raised a stunning cheer.

"Silence!" roared Dodd, with his trumpet. "All hands make sail!"

He set his courses, bent a new jib, and stood out to windward close hauled, in hopes to make a good offing, and then put his ship dead before the wind, which was now rising to a stiff breeze. In doing this he crossed the crippled pirate's stern, within eighty yards; and sore was the temptation to rake him; but his ammunition being short, and his danger being imminent from the other pirate, he had the self-command to resist the great temptation. The pirates, though in great confusion, and expecting a broadside, trained a gun dead aft.

Dodd saw, and hailed the mizen top: "Can you two hinder them from firing that gun?"

"I rather think we can," said Fullalove; "eh, colonel?" and tapped his long rifle.

The ship's bows no sooner crossed the schooner's stern than a Malay ran aft with a linstock. Pop went the colonel's ready carbine, and the Malay fell over dead, and the linstock flew out of his hand. A tall Portuguese, with a movement of rage, snatched it up, and darted to the gun: the Yankee rifle cracked, but a moment too late. Bang! went the pirate's gun, and crashed into the *Agra's* side, and passed nearly through her.

"Ye missed him! Ye missed him!" cried the rival theorist, joyfully. He was mistaken: the smoke cleared, and there was the Pirate Captain leaning wounded against the mainmast with a Yankee bullet in his shoulder, and his crew uttering yells of dismay and vengeance. They jumped, and raged, and brandished their knives, and made horrid gesticulations of revenge; and the white eyeballs of the Malays and Papuans glittered fiendishly; and the wounded captain raised his sound arm and had a signal hoisted to his consort, and she bore up in chase, and jamming her fore latine flat as a board, lay far nearer the wind than the *Agra* could, and sailed three feet to her two besides. On this superiority being made clear, the situation of the Merchant vessel, though not so utterly desperate as before Monk fired his lucky shot, became pitiable enough. If she ran before the wind, the fresh pirate would cut her off: if she lay to windward, she might postpone the inevitable and fatal collision with a foe as strong as that she had only escaped by a rare piece of luck; but this would give the crippled pirate time to refit and unite to destroy her. Add to this the failing ammunition, and the thinned crew!

Dodd cast his eyes all round the horizon for help.

The sea was blank.

The bright sun was hidden now; drops of rain fell, and the wind was beginning to sing; and the sea to rise a little.

"Gentlemen," said he, "let us kneel down and pray for wisdom, in this sore strait."

He and his officers kneeled on the quarter-deck. When they rose, Dodd stood rapt about a minute; his great thoughtful eye saw no more the enemy, the sea, nor any thing external; it was turned inward. His officers looked at him in silence.

"Sharpe," said he, at last, "there *must* be a way out of them with such a breeze as this is now; if we could but see it."

"Ay, *if*," groaned Sharpe.

Dodd mused again.

"About ship!" said he, softly, like an absent man.

"Ay, ay, Sir."

"Steer due north!" said he, still like one whose mind was elsewhere.

While the ship was coming about, he gave minute orders to the mates and the gunner, to insure co-operation in the first part of a delicate and dangerous manœuvre he had resolved to try.

The wind was W.N.W.: he was standing north; one pirate lay on his lee beam stopping a leak between wind and water, and hacking the deck clear of his broken masts and yards. The other fresh, and thirsting for the easy prey, came up from the N.E., to weather on him and hang on his quarter, pirate fashion.

When they were distant about a cable's length, the fresh pirate, to meet the ship's change of tactics, changed his own, put his helm up a little, and gave the ship a broadside, well aimed but not destructive, the guns being loaded with ball.

Dodd, instead of replying, as was expected, took advantage of the smoke and put his ship before the wind. By this unexpected stroke the vessels engaged ran swiftly at right angles toward one point, and the pirate saw himself menaced with two serious perils; a collision, which might send him to the bottom of the sea in a minute, or a broadside delivered at pistol-shot distance, and with no possibility of his making a return. He must either put his helm up or down. He chose the bolder course, put his helm hard a lee, and stood ready to give broadside for broadside. But ere he could bring his lee guns to bear, he must offer his bow for one moment to the ship's broadside; and in that moment, which Dodd had provided for, Monk and his mates raked him fore and aft at short distance with all the five guns that were clear on that side; the carronades followed and mowed him slantwise with grape and canister; the almost simultaneous discharge of eight guns made the ship tremble, and enveloped her in thick smoke; loud shrieks and groans were heard from the schooner: the smoke cleared; the pirate's mainsail hung on deck, his jib-boom was cut off like a carrot and the sail struggling; his foresail looked lace, lanes of dead and wounded lay still or writhing on his deck, and his lee scuppers ran blood into the sea.

The ship rushed down the wind, leaving the schooner staggered and all abroad. But not for long; the pirate fired his broadside after all, at the now flying *Agra*, split one of the carronades in two, and killed a Lascar, and made a hole in the foresail; this done, he hoisted his mainsail again in a trice, sent his wounded below, flung his dead overboard, to the horror of their foes, and came after the flying ship, yawing and firing his bow-chasers. The ship was silent. She had no shot to throw away. Not only did she take these blows like a coward, but all signs of life disappeared on her, except two men at the wheel, and the captain on the main gangway.

Dodd had ordered the crew out of the rigging, armed them with cutlasses, and laid them flat on the forecastle. He also compelled Kenealy and Fullalove to come down out of harm's way, no wiser on the smooth bore question than they went up.

The great patient ship ran environed by her foes; one destroyer right in her course, another in her wake, following her with yells of vengeance, and pounding away at her—but no reply.

Suddenly the yells of the pirates on both sides ceased, and there was a moment of dead silence on the sea.

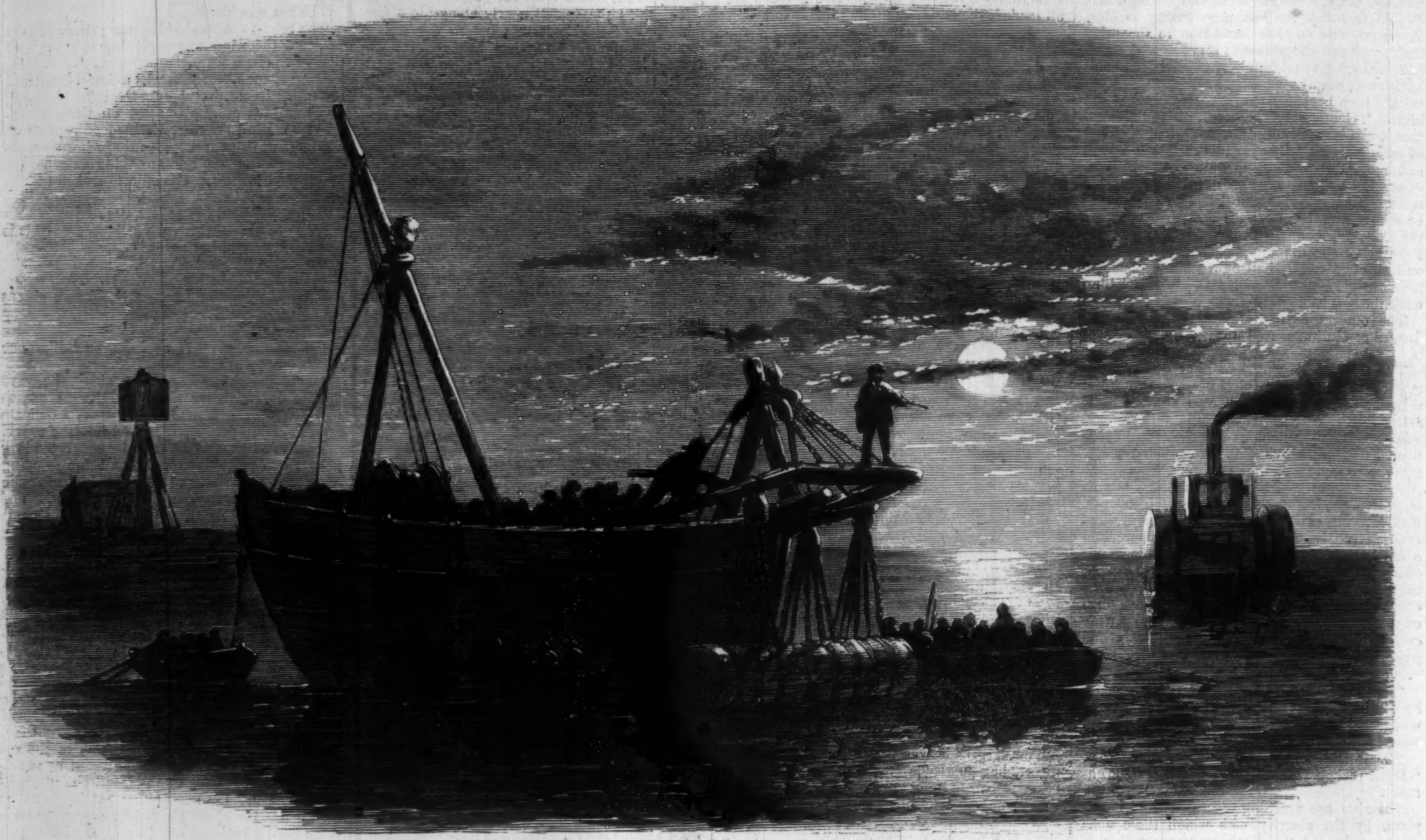
Yet nothing fresh had happened.

Yes, this had happened: the pirates to windward, and the pirates to leeward, of the *Agra*, had found out, at one and the same moment, that the merchant captain they had lashed, and bullied, and tortured, was a patient but tremendous man. It was not only to rake the fresh schooner he had put his ship before the wind, but also by a double, daring, master-stroke to hurl his monster ship bodily on the other. Without a foresail she could never get out of his way. Her crew had stopped the leak, and cut away and unshipped the broken foremast, and were stepping a new one, when they saw the huge ship bearing down in full sail. Nothing easier than to slip out of her way could they get the foresail to draw; but the time was short, the deadly intention manifest, the coming destruction swift.

After that solemn silence came a storm of cries and curses, as their seamen went to work to fit the yard and raise the sail; while their fighting men seized their matchlocks and trained the guns. They were well commanded by a heroic able villain. Astern the consort thundered; but the *Agra's* response was a dead silence more awful than broadsides.

For then was seen with what majesty the enduring Anglo-Saxon fights.

One of that indomitable race on the gangway, one at the foremast, two at the wheel, conned and steered the great ship down on a hundred matchlocks and a grinning broadside, just as



SINKING TORPEDOES IN CHARLESTON HARBOR BY MOONLIGHT.—FROM A DRAWING BY AN ENGLISH ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 375.]

they would have conned and steered her into a British harbor.

"Starboard!" said Dodd, in a deep calm voice, with a motion of his hand.

"Starboard it is."

The pirate wriggled ahead a little. The man forward made a silent signal to Dodd.

"Port!" said Dodd, quietly.

"Port it is."

But at this critical moment the pirate astern sent a mischievous shot and knocked one of the men to atoms at the helm.

Dodd waved his hand without a word, and another man rose from the deck and took his place in silence, and laid his unshaking hand on the wheel stained with that man's warm blood whose place he took.

The high ship was now scarce sixty yards distant; *she seemed to know:* she reared her lofty figure-head with great awful shoots into the air.

But now the panting pirates got their new foresail hoisted with a joyful shout: it drew, the schooner gathered way, and their furious consort close on the *Agra's* heels just then scourged her deck with grape.

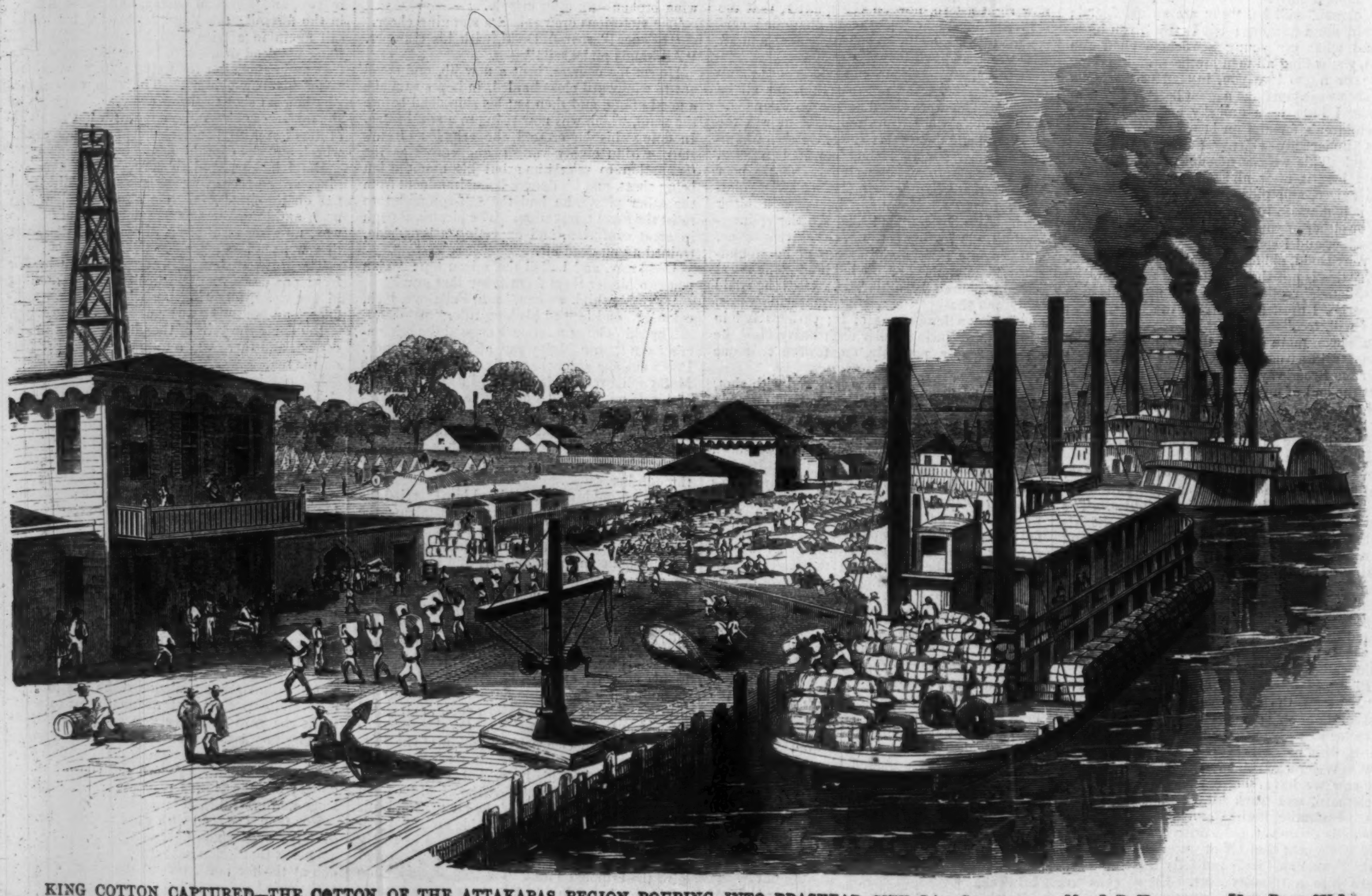
"Port!" said Dodd, calmly.

"Port it is."

The giant prow darted at the escaping pirate. That acre of coming canvas took the wind out of the swift schooner's foresail; it flapped: oh, then she was doomed! That awful moment parted the races on board her; the Papuans and Sooloos, their black faces livid and blue with horror, leaped yelling into the sea, or crouched and whimpered; the yellow Malays and brown Portuguese, though blanched to one color now, turned on death like dying panthers, fired two cannon slap into the ship's bows, and snapped their muskets and matchlocks at their solitary executioner on the ship's gangway, and out flew their knives like crushed wasp's stings. CRASH! the *Indiaman's* cut-water in thick smoke beat in the schooner's broadside: down went her masts to leeward like fishing-rods whipping the water; there was a horrible shrieking yell; wild forms leaped off on the *Agra* and were hacked to pieces almost ere they reached the deck—a surge, a chasm in the sea, filled with an instant rush of ingulfing waves, a long, awful, grating, grinding noise, never to be forgotten in this world, all along under the ship's keel—and the fearful majestic monster passed on over the blank she had made, with a pale crew standing silent and awe-struck on her deck; a cluster of wild heads and staring eyeballs bobbing like corks in her foaming wake, sole relic of the blotted-out destroyer; and a wounded man staggering on the gangway, with hands uplifted and staring eyes.

Shot in two places, the head and the breast!

With a loud cry of pity and dismay, Sharpe, Fullalove, Kenealy, and others rushed to catch him; but, ere they got near, the captain of the triumphant ship fell down on his hands and knees, his head sunk over the gangway, and his blood ran fast and pattered in the midst of them, on the deck he had defended so bravely.



KING COTTON CAPTURED—THE COTTON OF THE ATTAKAPAS REGION POURING INTO BRASHEAR CITY, LA.—SKETCHED BY MR. J. R. HAMILTON.—[SEE PAGE 375.]

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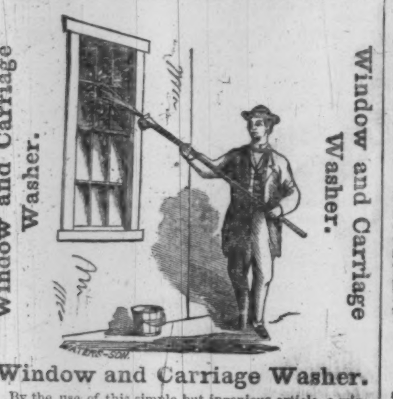

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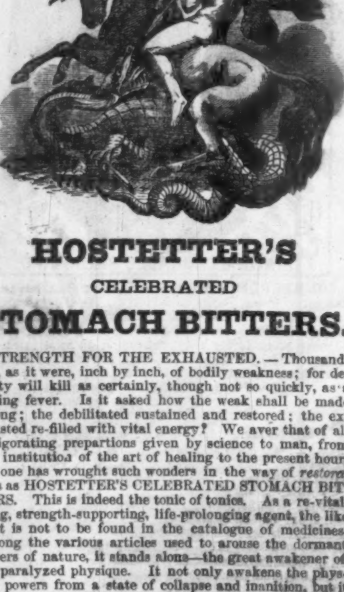

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